TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

"Now own up to me," demanded a bright and prosperous young lawyer the other day, "was that a real incident of yours or just a creation?" "What incident?" I asked. "Why, about the flirty young married woman?" "What do you think?" I asked—"you who should be able to tell the real thing from an imitation?" "It was too near nature to be imagined," he answered, "yet I thought perhaps a smart writer might be able to do it. Do you know that since last Wednesday I have had three agreements of separation to draw for young married couples," said he, "and I wondered if you could know so much about the mental processes of such litigants without ever having been in the swim as we fellows are." "Easily enough," I answered, "editors, like lawyers, are asked for opinions, only we don't get a fee."

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"I suppose you know as much about it as I do, but the troubles caused by such behavior as you described are innumerable and I can point you out half-a-dozen men in Toronto who have been the means of breaking up homes and separating men from their belief in women, and who make it their business and pleasure to do so. The more honorable a man is and the greater regard he has for women either individually or as a class, the less skill he has in wluning married women. When a scamp has once found the way to operate on the discontent and disquiet of a woman he can easily become expert but until then he can be repelled by a glance. Thank God I am a bachelor," he exclaimed, "and I shall never marry till I see a stronger streak of faithfulness in women than I have ever discovered."

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So it goes! Every married woman who is unfaithful or a fool makes the position of her unmarried sister more difficult. Marital infidelity and folly may be only one per cent. in the whole class—I firmly believe it is not more—yet what disquiet and distrust they cause! I am not sorry I wrote the sketch but I am perhaps unconsciously weakened in my general belief in women by the many things it has caused me to hear. Let us have no more!—this I say to the two score correspondents who may be awaiting an answer from me. If there was a lesson in it, it has been learned. Why argue out that which is not a matter of logic but of—what? At any rate not of logic.

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The truth of the old saying that "The Lord only knows what a petty jury will do," and of the still more suggestive axiom that "Nothing is more uncertain than the verdict of a jury or the result of a horse race," was well exemplified in the breach of promise suit brought by Miss Livingstone, a Canadian, against Frank W. Knox, a wealthy old lawyer and ex-judge of Pennsylvania, in which she was awarded five thousand dollars damages. Breach of promise suits afford a great deal of gossipy reading to the public and as a rule degrade our ideas of love and marriage by putting in an absurd light the sentimental things which lovers write, and by the placing of the marriage contract on the same basis with a horse trade or a real estate dicker. Marriages, it is said, are conceived in heaven and there was a general belief, and may be at the present time in the minds of those who have not read reports of divorce and breach-of-promise suits, in the sacredness of the idea of a man and woman deciding to devote themselves to one another unselfishly, lovingly until death shall them part. It is almost impossible for those who are not happily married—and heaven be thanked that there are many such—to believe that there is not in either one or the other contracting parties, if not in both, a sinister motive, a controlling impulse that certainly cannot claim heaven as its birthplace. The particular match under discussion instead of being born in the neighborhood of the Great White Throne, had its origin in a newspaper advertisement. The woman appears to have been young and cultured, the man old and rich. On her part confession was made of another lover. With regard to him, it would be a dull observer of marital phenomena as developed in the over-ripe suitor, who could not form a very correct estimate of his motives. Money, the love of which is claimed to be the root of so much evil, attracted her; youth, good looks, the faculty of being more or less entertaining and satisfying attracted him. Their conversations subsequent to the promise appear to have been unsatisfactory to him and though he appears to have behaved like a gentleman and to have given her a hundred and thirty dollars to purchase her trousseau, he felt unwilling to marry her and the suit resulting from an acquaintance which does not appear to have lasted quite a couple of days was for twenty-five thousand dollars damages. The defendant's attorney in summing up quite properly stated that "there are only two classes of cases of this kind that should be maintained in court. One was where a man had ruined the life of a girl under promise of marriage, and the other was where a young girl during the brighter part of her life had been constantly associated with a man with a natural belief and understanding that he was to marry her." As this case belonged to neither of these classes it is somewhat astonishing to find the jury awarding her such large damages, while it is evident to the reader of the newspaper reports that a heart could scarcely be considered in the arrangement and that the law does not permit us to view marriage or the promise of marriage as a financial speculation.

Without wishing to increase the cynicism which newspaper reports of such cases must cause, it might be well to examine for a moment the point of view from which twelve jurymen regarded marriage when a young woman engaged in a purely mercenary transaction was awarded such a large amount for breach of contract. Surely if those twelve jurors were married men their home life cannot be very happy or at least not of the ideal sort, if they suspect that when they mated the blushing bride which fell to them respectively was merely going through the form of making vows before God and man for the sordid purpose of obtaining a home and protection from scandal, cold and hunger. Yet it is not impossible to imagine that in each of those twelve cases that very condition of affairs may have existed. Girls seem to be brought up with the idea that they must marry, that love is delusive, that one man is as good as another on general principles except that the man who has means is a much more desirable investment than one who has not. After girls are old enough to wear long frocks astute mammas are continually directing their attention to the availability of this young man and to the undesirability of another. When they marry they go into a sort of a commercial partnership, sometimes with an unfortunate mental reservation which prevents the alliance from becoming anything more sacred than the engagement of a clerk or the hiring of a housekeeper. It cannot be denied that these marriages quite frequently appear to have been reasonably successful. Two people of opposite sex and reasonably good impulses living together, surrounded by the restraints of society and possessing the decent habits of proper early training, get so accustomed to one another that their material instincts and prospects assimilate to the extent of making a wide difference of conduct improbable. Yet it is rubbish to talk about such a match being made in heaven. That the woman takes proper care of her house and becomes a good helpmate to her husband, that the man lives peaceably, happily in his home is just as much of a habit as drinking tea or smoking tobacco. They get used to one another. He is lonesome and irritable if she is absent from the house just as he is lonesome and irritable if he cannot find his pipe. She is nervous and anxious if he does not come home at the usual time, for the same reason, in a more intensified form, that she would be nervous and unsettled without her cup of tea or that under any circumstances a meal must be kept waiting and dish-washing deferred. For the preservation of our home life it is well that these matrimonial habits have so strong a hold upon men and women.

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It is a recognized fact that when these habits are broken up there is great danger of them never being resumed. For that reason people united by no stronger tie than habit and self-interest, whether that self-interest be physical, social or pecuniary, run great risks even when they are separated for a few months in the summer or for the longer period required for protracted travel. That direst predictions of disaster are so generally made when family habits are disturbed, is ample proof to me that unconsciously the vast majority of people recognize habit as being the basis of home life. Observing this we cannot wonder that in France and the United States, where illusions are most short-lived, marriage is not regarded as a sacrament but as a civil contract. Much more astonishing, therefore, is a verdict in the United States in favor of a woman, for a large amount, who evidently entered into the most unsentimental and cold-blooded arrangement that a woman could make. Surely they could not have regarded breach of a civil contract, where damages were not proven, as a reason for mulcting a man for five thousand dollars, yet it is just as impossible to imagine the jury considering marriage as a sacrament when it was being entered into by the woman in the sordid spirit of one who was willing to become the companion of an aged stranger with nothing to recommend him to her except his wealth. It is to be hoped that sacraments have not degenerated to such a low place! Surely then it is not wonderful that nations ridding themselves of their illusions should have permitted their divorce laws to become lax and to allow the matrimonial contract to be annulled for purely personal and unscriptural reasons, such as incompatibility of temper, drunkenness, failure to support, etc. If it is a civil contract only, such laws are quite right. If it is a sacrament they are wrong. Thus we are left to face two very important questions: Scripturally, is marriage a sacrament, a sacred and indissoluble tie? Secondly, is it so regarded by those who enter into it, or is it merely regarded as a change of relation governed by no religious decree more binding or sacred than that which obtains in the partnership of Smith & Brown who agree jointly to run a bakery, butcher shop or boarding house. If marriages are made in heaven quite a large percentage of those unions consummated on earth under that name are bogus and cannot be recognized in the supreme court of the universe! If they are made on earth and are merely a matter of law and custom I am inclined to think that a divorce court is as badly needed with its facilities for undoing the knot as cheap licenses and the present facilities for tying it. No matter which contention is correct one thing is certain, the ideal marriage, the union of those who love each other and have sense enough to know what will promote their happiness should be encouraged, while the reputable but unsanctified commercial marriage should be made as disreputable as the keeping or frequenting of a brothel.

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Various suggestions have been made as to the best method of arranging the street car business under a new management, whatever that may be. The idea of taking the car tracks away from King street would no doubt be resisted by all the shop keepers on that thoroughfare. Except in residential districts far removed from the center of the city a street car line is a very doubtful acquisition in front of one's door. It may bring business and it may not. One thing is certain, that a double line of tracks on a narrow roadway like King street entirely ruins it for carriage traffic. King street and the lower part of Queen are ruined by the four rails, which make it impossible to construct a good pavement. Without a car line or with two rails in the center of the street, asphalt can be laid with the proper convexity, carriages or drays can pass on either side of the rails; but with a double line both the coachman and the carter have to keep bu aping backwards and forwards, straining the wheels of their vehicles at every attempt to pass a rail. Now if the street cars came eastward along King it would bring shoppers to the stores, and if they returned westward along Adelaide it would only be a short block for homeward-bound people to walk. It would relieve King street of its present blockade, make it possible to have a good pavement there, and facilitate traffic incalculably. The two lines might join west of Spadina, but certainly in the central part of the city from Jarvis to Brock street the lines should be belted. With regard to Queen street the cars should run eastward to Jarvis on Queen and westward on Richmond street as far as is thought desirable. In this way good pavements would be possible on four streets which are likely to be utilized, store keepers would not be injured and Toronto would cease to be in the central portion of it almost impassable both on account of bad roadway and the numerous car rails.

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All these things should be thought of before the contracts are let for paving the streets or an agreement is made for running the cars. Another important factor in the future of the street car service of Toronto will be electricity. This force is replacing horse power and cables and in a very few years in my opinion, and in the opinion of railway and street car companies, will be the chief motor of the time. Practical electricians are predicting that electricity will supersede steam locomotives and with between thirty and forty million dollars' worth of stock already invested in the promotion of electrical enterprises at Niagara Falls, we can readily conceive that capitalists have faith in this new energy. If the Canadian scheme for utilizing the power of the Falls by building a canal to Queenston is a success, and public opinion seems to have decided that it will be, with a transmission company already in the field to bring that power to Toronto it would be very foolish to permanently pave any of the streets without taking into consideration the probability of electrical cars running at such a speed as to make streets on which these coaches run in opposite directions utterly impassable. High speed cars crossing and recrossing the corner of King and Yonge streets would make life and limb dangerous things to risk in such a locality. Indeed high speed cars would kill the prosperity of any street unless managed on the single track principle so that all vehicles might choose the avenue where cars would be going in one direction only. It is possible for an engineer to make traffic safe when every vehicle is going in the same direction as his motor, but in meeting them and passing them it would be impossible. Then if we are to have high speed we must have belt lines, and certainly the business people of this city are demanding and will be still more clamorous in their demands for more rapid transit. Now is the time to take all these things into consideration.

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It is a pity that the idea of building a big hotel in Toronto lags to that extent that we have no definite promise of any company immediately taking hold of the enterprise. There is nothing that Toronto needs so greatly as an immense and first-class hotel. This city as a summer resort has been killed by its lack of proper hotel accommodation, though it must be admitted that the miserable service of the Richelieu Navigation Company has been a considerable factor in disgusting American tourists with a lake trip from Niagara to Montreal by way of Toronto. Almost any site in the center of Toronto would be suitable for a good hotel as it creates its own business and makes its locality popular. Undeniably business is going west, and a new hotel to make money would have to be an enterprise enhancing the value of the land surrounding it and thereby benefiting itself. This city is in a formative condition and knowing capitalists could make an enormous amount out of real estate by prudence in the selection of a site in the midst of large holdings of their own, and building there a hotel worthy of this city. The only fear is that there is so much rivalry on the part of those who are likely to be benefited that amongst many stools the whole scheme may fall to the ground.

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By the way, if there is going to be an interval between the disposal of the franchise of the street railway and the end of the present contract, why should not the concern be managed in the interregnum by Mr. George Kiely and Secretary Gunn? Almost any reasonable salary could be earned by these two men who have been identified with the operation of the street cars for the last twenty odd years. If the city is to become temporarily or permanently the manager of the lines these practical men would be invaluable. I asked these questions in type before I heard that Secretary Gunn was to be temporarily in charge, and therefore I publish the hints or her, what I wrote. A great deal of credit was given to Superintendent Franklin as the one whose ability made the service so good. In reality the two men whose names I suggest are almost entirely deserving of the credit. Even temporarily the mangement of the street cars should not be put in the hands of an inexperienced person or such deterioration in the service and the plant would take place as to make it almost impossible to dispose of this most valuable of the city's assets at a proper figure. The workingmen of Toronto would not consent to see Senator Smith or Mr. Franklin placed in charge, for they have a bitter memory of the hardness of both those men during the exciting period previous to and subsequent to the strike of the street car hands. If the advice of Mr. Kiely and Secretary Gunn had been followed at that time I imagine that the determination to displace the old company would not be so deep-seated as it now is, and nothing better could be done than to keep the whole affair out of the hands of ward politicians by giving the management of it to those who were so successful in the past. But chiefly give the whole thing to a company.

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A good many months ago I wrote something about a general prejudice people have against public hospitals. There is an idea prevalent amongst the well-to-do as well as the ignorant that going to the hospital when one is sick is like being sent to the workhouse when one is old; that it betokens a poverty-stricken and friendless condition. The result of this foolish notion has been that sick people as a rule remain at home a tax upon their family, are left without good nursing and seldom supplied with anything better than mediocre medical advice. The wife or the mother tries to nurse the sick one but she has no training, but little strength, and except where many servants are kept, is distracted by household cares. If the illness is a long and painful one the strain upon the family is most severe even when a professional nurse is engaged, for that very important personage is often an additional burden upon the slender resources of the household. I often think that I should fear to be sick in this way lest even the loved ones and the loving ones might breathe a sigh of relief and amidst their tears unconsciously think that 'tis better the struggle is over, when I cease to live. Such a thought is more apt to come to the sufferer than to those who wait upon him or her, yet it is a bitter one and not conducive to the mental repose necessary to make recovery probable.

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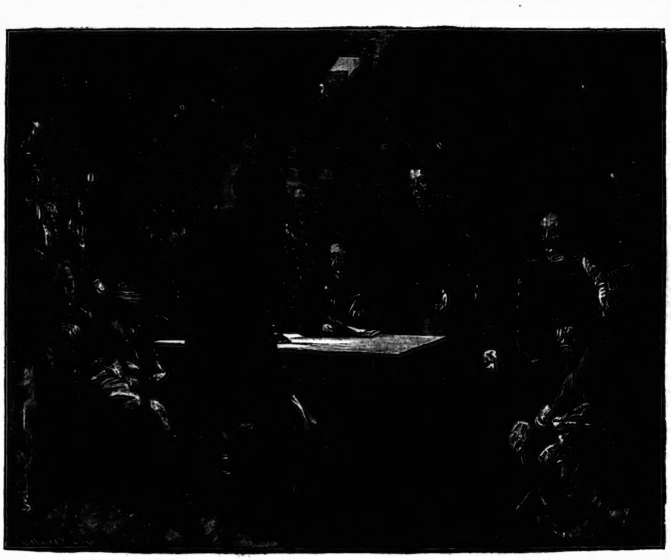
The communistic tendency of the age has done nothing more commendable than to provide proper hospitals for the sick. It has long been recognized that the sick and afflicted are a proper charge upon the healthy, as the poor are upon the wealthy and the prosperous. This does not mean financially alone, but also that it is a duty to the well that they individually be not too severely taxed in taking care of the infirm. To be the inmate of a hospital is no greater sign of pauperism or an unfriended condition than it is to be the user of the post-office, for both institutions are designed for the use of rich and poor alike and those who take private apartments in a hospital show no greater signs of wealth or exclusiveness than those who put a register-stamp upon a letter; they but procure all the additional security possible. We have a good general hospital in Toronto, probably the best in Canada; rich and poor alike use it. Together with all well regulated hospitals its death rate is fifteen or twenty per cent. lower than the death rate of those who are cared for in homes and private establishments, and this is not to be wondered at, for instead of having one physician it has many and the best medical skill that this city of doctors can afford can be procured by those solicitous for the welfare of a patient or is daily volunteered by those whose habit of study and investigation makes them willingly devote their services to the solving of intricate medical and surgical problems. Unlike private houses the building is designed for the sick, not for the well; nurses are constantly in attendance and receive such alert supervision that the neglect of a patient is almost impossible. The temperature, the bed, the bathing



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AFTER SEDAN.

and the food receive careful attention; foolish friends, indulgent attendants, faddists of all sorts are kept away from the bedside of the sick and the whims of the patient even are not permitted to retard recovery. The general hospital should be good enough for everybody, yet the poor when sick are sent home to their families as poor as themselves, where in cold houses, tired people sit up o' nights and try to minister to their wants. They bring greater misery upon themselves and upon the well than can be calculated and in such cases their recovery from dangerous diseases is exceedingly doubtful. Amongst those able to provide the best home nursing, which is usually not very good, there is just as strong a prejudice against the public hospital and if an operation is to be performed or extraordinary supervision is required, too many over-sensitive people insist on sending their friends to private institutions lest a removal from home may sound bad or some fool-acquaintance may spread the report that so-and-so was sent to the hospital because his or her friends were too selfish and unloving to take care of the sufferer. If it were not for this silly notion private institutions would scarcely ever have a patient. These reflections are given at this particular time because I have in my mind an example which for hard-heartedness and something verging on brutality I never heard equalled. The one guilty of this conduct, if my information be correct, is the keeper of a private sanitarium considerably patronized by those who are able or willing to pay a high price for the satisfaction of knowing that their sick are in a private institution and not "in the hospital."

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We all like to see manifestations of that loving spirit which is willing to make sacrifices for those for whom they care, and I would write nothing about this matter were it not for the fact that this tenderness often leads people to make grave mistakes. Not very long ago a young man who is exceedingly well known and generally liked was confronted with the painful announcement that his wife had to undergo a serious operation. Accepting the best advice he could get she was placed in a sanitarium or private hospital where everything conceivable in the way of comforts and proper attendance was placed at her disposal. The operation was performed and the husband, ever solicitous of the result, called many times a day. One evening at half-past nine the doctor whose enterprise I refer to stated that she was better than she had been since the operation. At midnight he called and the nurse told him that she was doing very nicely indeed and he need have no fear about going home and to sleep. At four o'clock the same morning he received a telephone message that she was dead, and almost immediately afterwards an undertaker called upon him with the startling information that he had removed the body from the infirmary to his shop on Yonge street. The distracted husband had not been communicated with though his house was in telephone connection with the private hospital. The undertaker said that he did all this doctor's business and "could provide as good a funeral as anybody." The husband demanded why he had taken the body away from the sanitarium. He said he had acted on the doctor's instructions and he reiterated the fact that "he attended to his work." Another undertaker was procured who had to rise from his bed and have his horses hitched up and a casket prepared, and yet the body of the poor unfortunate young woman was in her husband's home before she had been dead two hours. It is inconceivable that a physician should be so thoughtless of the natural affection of the friends of his patients as to almost dump the bodies of the dead into the street. Why did not a nurse or the doctor himself go and inform the husband whose residence was well known to them all? Why was not some tender care taken of the body of the dead that it should be hauled around in the night and placed on the table of an undertaker's shop before the husband was informed that the unexpected death had taken place? What dreadful thoughts it suggests to the afflicted mind of a husband, who may well wonder under such circumstances if there was even a kind hand to smooth the pillow of the dying or to straighten, into the rigid beauty of death, the form of the loved sufferer. Such a thing could not happen at a public institution for public opinion would drive from office every superintendent and official engaged in so cold-blooded a transaction. Over these private institutions public opinion has no authority and is disregarded except as popularity may bring money to its proprietor. There is no inspection, no resistance of the impulses which may make sordid all care of the living and beget an unfeeling disregard of the dead. The doctor's alleged explanation that he had to care for the living and prevent them being disturbed by the known presence of death is altogether insufficient, as the manner of the removal is so much more reprehensible than a simple demand made upon the friends of the dead for an immediate removal would have been. It might certainly be wise in an institution of that sort to prevent the presence of death being known, but to prevent it by such heartless means and without consulting with the friends of the deceased or offering them an opportunity of taking charge of the body must strike everyone as it struck me, as absolutely heartless.

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If our hospital, which I believe to be one of the best if not the best in Canada, is not good enough, if it has not sufficient private wards or room enough to accommodate all those needing such attention as the unfortunate one was expected to receive in this private institution, it should be enlarged and made good enough. If people are too proud or too poorly informed to use it, while we may sympathize with their misfortunes we cannot but regret the existence of an unfounded prejudice which is every day to be blamed for sorrows such as the one I have described and for deaths which might be avoided. In the United States this prejudice has almost disappeared. We in Canada cannot too soon rid ourselves of it.

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The past week or so has been one of unusual activity among "heretics," and oddly enough the offenders are teachers of theology. Those who train young preachers are the ones now being brought to book for heterodox utterances! The Rev. Dr. Workman was tranferred from the theological department of Victoria University because of his utterances on Messianic prophecy, it being held by his judges that his denial that Christ fulfilled prophecy, or rather that Hebraic prophecy pointed to Him, was sufficient to impair his usefulness as a theological instructor. This startling development at the headquarters of Canadian Methodism is followed by a still more disquieting affair in which the Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, of the Union Taeological Seminary, New York, is the chief actor. An investigating committee was appointed to consider an inaugural address which Dr. Briggs delivered, and the majority of them find that his views are in direct conflict with the Confession of Faith. The chief complaint is made of the following paragraph, entitled Inerrancy:

Page 35, lines 4-16 inclusive: "I shall venture to affirm that, so far as I can see, there are errors in the Scriptures that no one has been able to explain away, and the theory that they were not in the original text is sheer assumption, upon which no mind can rest with certainty. If such errors destroy the authority of the Bible it is already destroyed for historians. Men cannot shut their eyes to truth and fact. But on what authority do these theologians drive men from the Bible by this theory of inerrancy? The Bible itself nowhere makes this claim. The creeds of the Church nowhere sanction it. It is a ghost of modern evangelicalism to frighten children."

The committee says:

The denial of inerrancy in the original text is regarded by your committee as conflicting irreconcilably with the Confession, chapter 1, section 1, which says:

"Therefore it pleased the Lord * * * to commit the same wholly unto writing." * * * Also with section 2 of the same chapter, which says: "Under the name of Holy Scripture, or the Word of God written, are now contained all the books of the Old and New Testament, which are these." (Here follows the complete list of books of the Old and New Testament)

The report also attacks this statement:

The only sanctification known to experience, to Christian orthodoxy and to the Bible is progressive sanctification. The bugbear of a judgment immediately after death and the illusion of a magical transformation in the dying hour should be banished from the world.

Renouncing them as hurtful, unchristian errors, we look with hope and joy for the continuation of the processes of grace and the wonders of redemption.

The committee here says:

Your committee regard the statements made in these quotations as irreconcilable with the Confession, Chapter xxxii., Section 1, which says:

"The bodies of men after death return to dust and see corruption; but their souls (which neither die nor sleep) having an immortal subsistence, immediately return to the God who gave them."

The minority report upholds Dr. Briggs, though it is understood that only two of his confreres will sign it. One thing is significant, however, in the case of Dr. Workman on one hand and Dr. Briggs on the other, that they have not been incontinently bounced from their high office because they have dared to differ with orthodoxy. Church courts are recognizing the fact that the best brains and best oratory, as well as the most fervent zeal, have in times past been excluded from orthodox churches by investigating committees, so Dr. Workman is simply transferred to another department and Dr. Briggs will not appear before the New York Presbytery without having clerical friends in court.

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The Methodist and Presbyterian brethren are not alone in their trouble. Rev. A. J. Bonnell, a popular Baptist parson of Rochester, in his sermon last Sunday declared his belief that there is nothing positive as to the authorship of the books of the Bible, that he did not believe St. Paul was inspired nor that Christ when on earth was conscious of being God. He advocated the expunging from the Bible those things which the crucible of investigation proved to be dross. Of course there was a scene in the church, but scenes in churches are not rare nowadays for in Hamilton, in orthodox Oatario, high church practices brought about a fracas no more respectable in its methods than a bar-room brawl, and those who read the daily newspapers are becoming well acquainted with performances of men who act in the sanctuary as they do in a wheat pit or at an auction sale. Taken altogether these things have great significance. Thought is attempting to liberalize Christianity, not to destroy it, and the most boisterous and probably the most unworthy of pew holders are the ones who object to a reconsideration of the creeds and interpretations of a century or two ago. No one is willing to admit that one hundred years ago, or two or three hundred years ago, men were wiser than they are now or brought greater ability to bear to the solution of great questions, and if this be admitted in other matters we would be absurdly conservative to deny it in theological affairs. However it may be denied, evidence is plentiful that churches and creeds are reconstructing themselves and those who are last to comply with the spiritual demands of humanity and pious reason as applied to interpretation of Holy Writ will be the first to be deserted by the thoughtful and sincere who, while loving God and seeking to keep His commandments, do not propose to have doctrinal absurdities thrust down their throat.

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Social and Personal.

I have received an item signed "Sufferer" which belongs properly to the society column and which evoked my sincere sympathy and acquiescence. I give it just as it came to me. "At the service of song held in the Church of the Redeemer last Wednesday night, lovers of music were greatly annoyed by the senseless and continuous chatter of a party of three who occupied seats near the Bloor street entrance. They were well dressed but most decidedly ill-mannered. This is not their first offence!' Now, I don't know who the naughty three were as, beyond a threat appended to the above item to make their names public if ever they do it again, the irate "sufferer" gave me no information, but I am very sure that my correspondent is not the only one who has suffered from the ignorant and idiotic noodles who pay out good money to hear themselves chatter, when the world and they would be far better off if they would either remain at home or behave themselves when they join their neighbors abroad.

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At the Vocal Society concert two callow youths did their best by inane and vulgar conversation to destroy the efforts of my friends on the platform to entertain and edify me. At the Torrington Orchestra concert two more discussed their private affairs audibly behind my back, and though I was obliged to these latter for making me angry and so keeping my blood above freezing point—it was so cold in the Pavilion!—still, the principle holds good, that I didn't go to listen to them, and as they prevented me from listening to the musicians I have my grievance.

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Apart from the ignorance and vulgarity and snobbishness of the people who don't know or won't know better than to thus victimize their neighbors, there is a thoughtlessness which is almost as hard to bear and which I hope 'was what actuated the naughty three in the Church of the Redeemer. This wail of the sufferer came in *apropos* after my little remark last week as to the possible accompaniments to a musical entertainment in a sacred edifice, and I am sure that the conduct of the naughty trio which would have been sufficiently blamable in any public entertainment, takes on a shade that is deeper and more serious because it was carried on under the roof of a house of worship. Without being fanatical or superstitious, may not one ask for some respect to these things as the mark of a refined and cultured mind and the sign of that consideration for others which is the hall-mark of true lady and gentlemanhood?

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I must tell you a comical little *mot* I heard the other day. An ardent temperance worker who visits drunkards in their homes and endeavors to talk the alcohol out of their systems, was chidden by a society lady on her neglect of her social duties. "Well, I suppose I shall have to *get drunk*, then you'll come and see me!" she said desperately. I thought it was the most curious attraction I had ever heard held out as an inducement to an afternoon caller.

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The Owls, who have met weekly through the past season for the improvement of their French conversational powers, are giving an At Home at the Art Gallery next Tuesday evening. Various attractions will combine to make the affair unique and successful. The reception will be informal, the room being arranged in imitation of a French *cafe*. The social little groups round the small tables and the programme of songs and dances dear to the people of the sunny land, will be reproduced and all promises to give this very bright and congenial club an evening of social enjoyment. Further particulars will appear next week.

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Archdeacon Allen of Peterborough and Mrs. Allen are the guests of Mrs. Norman Allen, 108 Carlton street.

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Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a tea on Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Mackelcan. Among those present were Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. Mackelcan, the Misses Small, Dunning, Gildersleeve, Meredith, Hall, Spratt and others. Mrs. Mackelcan sang delightfully with the uniform amiability which is one of her most potent charms.

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I am informed by a correspondent that Lieut. D'Arcy MacMahon, who has been seriously ill, has since his return from Kingston improved so much under Dr. Strange's treatment that he hopes for a speedy complete recovery. His many friends will be glad to see him about again.

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Mr. Cully Robertson has returned from his trip round the world and speaks in glowing terms of his season of travel. The curios and pretty things which Mr. Robertson has brought home speak just as forcibly of the young *voyageur's* taste and judgment.

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The performance by the Sheridan Club has come too late for a notice in this column. I hope to give a notice of it next week. The opera house held as representative an assembly of Toronto's nice people as could be gotten together for any entertainment.

•

Miss Lilie Grant of Hamilton has been visiting Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place.

•

The annual meeting of the Rosedale Tennis Club was held last week. This club has been most successful during its first season. Mr. Charles Hirschfelder was elected president and Mr. P. T. Wilson vice-president. A large increase of lady members is looked for this season, when so ne interesting matches will be arranged. The secretary, H. M. Blackburn, 4 Wellington street west, invites challenges from other clubs.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Sladen (*nee* Miss Kathleen Hume Powell) of Edgewood, Ottawa, are visiting Mrs. Fitch of Atherley, Jarvis street.

•

Lawn tennis promises to be more popular than ever during the coming season. Play commenced on the Vantage tennis grounds, Nos. 24-38 College street, last Saturday afternoon, when quite a number of players turned out and thoroughly enjoyed the opening sets of the season. This club has decided to admit lady members, and Tuesdays and Fridays in each week have been specially allotted as their days. No doubt a large number of ladies will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded.

•

Miss Bessie Manning, who has been the guest of Mrs. Stacy of College avenue, has returned to her home in Hamilton.

•

The Anti-Smoking Club met on Friday evening at the residence of Miss H. Nelson, 63 St. George street. The members are Miss H. Nelson, treasurer, Misses B. Thompson, Grace Carr, L. Robb, D. Bonnell, M. Christie, Louie Darling, the Misses Hamilton, Messrs. Samuel Sloan, Claude Walker, W. Darling, Willie Anderson, W. Fraser and the Messrs. Thompson.

•

Mr. W. A. Sherwood has been appointed Canadian representative of the A. R. C. etc., at the exhibition of the Art Association of Detroit.

•

Hon. Edward Blake has promised $10,000 to the endowment fund of Wycliffe College if $50,000 more is subscribed.

•

Mr. Harry Taylor, Ontario district deputy of the Progressive Benefit Order, and wife, Cornamona, Hazelton avenue, have gone to Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Washington to participate in the celebration of the anniversary of the order.

•

Mrs. Dr. Garrett visited Ottawa this week to sing at a concert.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Burns and Mr. W. F. Cowan have returned from British Columbia.

•

Mr. Thornton of the Dominion Bank is enjoying his holidays in the cities of the neighboring great republic.

•

Miss Snarr will sing at the reception of the French Club, Tuesday evening. The musical part of the evening's programme will be a treat, several esteemed amateurs having promised to contribute.

•

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Smith of Scott street received a number of friends at afternoon tea at her tastefully arranged rooms over the bank. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Sladen, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. F. Leach, Mr. Hugh Leach, Capt. and Mrs. Robin, Lady Cartwright, Miss Madeline Meredith, Capt. and Mrs. Maull, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Meredith, Miss Morna Meredith, Mrs. Armour, Miss Smith, Miss Powell and others.

•

A goodly crowd listened to Mr. Torrington's Orchestra on Tuesday evening. They were a sensible crowd too, for they didn't encore everything in the insane way our concert-going people are prone to do. Did you ever hear anything much more perfect than the Handel Largo Movement? Its grave, sweet solemnity made me feel like going down on my knees.

•

Mr. Lacon of Sherbourne street left with his family on Thursday for his beautiful place on Lake Simcoe. He will remain there till August, after which he will sail for England and take up his residence permanently near Richmond on Thames.

•

Mrs. Walter Ridout has returned to her home at Colborne after a short visit to Toronto.

•

Mrs. Victor Armstrong has returned home from Europe much improved in health by her stay abroad.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport have returned to Toronto for the summer, after having passed the winter in Florida.

•

The marriage of Mr. Hollyer of the Bank of Montreal and Miss Cassels is announced to take place some time in September.

•

Miss Simpson of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Ince on Bloor street west.

•

The Governor-General and suite will arrive here on May 23, in order to be present at the races to be held at the Woodbine on the 25th inst.

•

The Toronto Cricket Club meet Rosedale this afternoon on their grounds at Bloor street. Improved accommodation in the way of seats &c. is being provided by the committees for the convenience of ladies and their escorts.

•

Mrs. Gibson of St. Albans street gave a ladies' tea last Wednesday afternoon which was largely attended by married ladies.

•

The friends of Mr. Kenneth Moffatt will regret to hear that he has been ill in New York. Later advices, however, point to an improvement in his health.

A Place for Him

Tom—What has become of poor Harry's eldest boy—the one with the impediment in his speech? Couldn't understand a word he said. Remember him?

Jerry—Of course I do. He got a good position and is giving satisfaction.

"Is it possible! What can he do?"

"He's brakeman on a passenger train."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

An Elastic Word.

In courting days 'twas deepest bliss
Upon that lake to go;
This loving pair then oft enjoyed
A most delightful row.

In wedlock bonds they're linked for life
This loving pair, and now
The neighbors say they oft enjoy
A most delightful row. —*Puck.*

In the Merry Month of May.

Mr. Norris (with decision)—I am going to put on my light underclothes this morning.

Mrs. Norris (with fine prudence)—Then, Thomas, you'd better carry your thick ones over your arm, you'll need them before night.

The Finishing Touch.

Contract Builder—Got that house done?

Assistant—Yes, just finished it.

Builder—All right. Now measure it and see if it's in accordance with the architect's plans.

In No Danger.

Caller—Doesn't it worry you to think of your daughter on the ocean?

Old Lady—Land sakes, no. She can swim.

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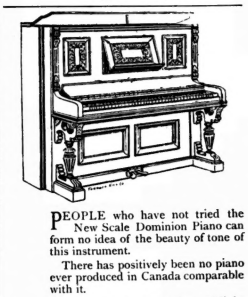

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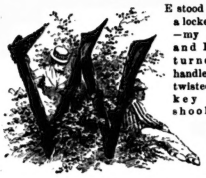

E stood before a locked door—my friend and I—and turned the handle and twisted the key and shook the door, and stooping down peered into the dark key-hole; but the door was fast and we stood outside. In beyond the door was the rest, the comfort, the goodies we longed for, but we could not get in! And suddenly my friend cried, with a little uneasy, deprecating laugh: "Perhaps you've got the wrong key!" and on hastily scanning my pendent bunch, I *had*.

And this little incident set me thinking of and wondering, as I often find myself doing, at the unapproachable people one runs foul of in this little world, and how we twist and turn the lock of their hearts and cannot open it, and we blame them and turn away disgusted or impatient, while all the time it is only that we are trying with the wrong key! And I looked over my bunch of heart openers and I saw in my fancy the divers and curious shapes of them, and I put it down on my memory tablets. "Be patient, Lady Gay! and before you give up winning your way into any locked up nature, try *every one* of those keys."

There is one golden key that fits so many locks, and I believe it is usually called Sympathy. It is wonderful how it slides and turns round in the great iron key-hole in the strong box of the man of affairs and the ornamental lock of the pearl and silver jewel case in my lady's heart, with equal ease and surety! Sometimes the sunlight of laughter glints on its bright wards; sometimes they go in warm and we with tears, but the tears never rust and the glint never dims and the doors swing gladly open every time. There is a sturdy, plain, iron key, few of wards and strong of handle. It is too large and too heavy for many a hand to turn, that can manage the dainty, golden tool; but it opens a lock or breaks it—no half way and stick fast about that key, and its name is Truth.

There are keys of brass and filigree carvings that need a deal of rubbing and polishing lest they corrode and tarnish, and smell and look unsightly, and perhaps the one that opens the most locks in the whole bunch is Flattery. Sometimes, however, it slips in confidently enough, and lo! at the first turn it warps and bends and breaks against the stern insight of the uncompromising lock which its wards do not fit. No key needs so much repairing and rubbing up and care in inserting and turning as this ornamental and showy key of Flattery.

I have received several replies to the request made in the society column last week, that ladies learning to ride the wheel and desiring to become members of a Ladies' Bicycle Club would send me their names and addresses. I have also received some letters which have amused me very much from ladies who don't want to ride, never could ride if they tried, and for whom my worst and best wish is that they may some day be tempted to. For it is not all gliding and poetry of motion and graceful curves and happy hilarity I can assure you, and the girl who rides and rides well has needed some determination and judgment and patience, the last two of which trinity of virtues are sadly lacking in some females, my corresponding obstructionist for instance.

"I hope I shall never see any woman I care for *astride a wheel*," writes one in excited ignorance. Dear madame, I hope not either, because the dear creature could not get into that uncomfortable position by any fair means and indeed, in woman's present garb, I don't see how she could by any means! I wonder what that good lady's idea of a Lady's Safety Wheel is? Something like that of the artist in the May number of a leading New York magazine, who illustrates the legend Lady's Safety Bicycle by a cut of a Man's Columbia Wheel with an impossible bar and an altogether incomprehensible gear generally. And I am almost ashamed to be amused at the ignorance of my fervent correspondent when I gaze upon the illustration on which, perhaps, she formed her singular idea.

To those of my sisters who have sent me their names as riders or would-be riders, I can say confidently that they have chosen the good part and that cycle riding is not only pleasant but beneficial. Several letters from physicians have appeared in the papers strongly recommending the wheel as a cure for languor, nervousness and all the evils that can be cured by fresh air, gentle exercise, exhilarating motion and the happy sense of doing a good thing and doing it well. And the low comfortable saddle, the gentle graceful pedaling, the light hands on the bar, the upright figure, the neat costume, make together such a pleasing picture as would, I

am sure, not make less dear to her friends the "woman they cared for."

There are dozens of half-alive, languid, miserable girls in Toronto, scores of women who have with years accumulated more than wisdom, and whose accumulations have become burdensome to them, who could find the cure of all their woes on the tiny leather saddle. And to those who will try this pleasant medicine I am told to say that a competent wheelist will undertake their initiation, in classes of four, providing a wheel, until they are proficient enough to go it alone, and whose address and terms I will be glad to forward to any wishing to take evening lessons.

Have any of my sisters been reading Marion Harland's article in the *Harper's Bazar* about the twenty-fifth anniversary of the great woman's club in New York, the Sorosis? Marion Harland is one of the completest women I know. She writes, she cooks, she rears her bright family, she ornaments her house, she studies and she plays, with a hearty sincere energy which is like a sea breeze. She is homely enough, and it was a great shock to me to see her, for I had imagined her very lovely and tall and graceful, and I do delight in beautiful women. She says a funny little thing in her essay which I shall give you to think over.

"If the mission of the woman's club were nothing more than to set misplaced candles in the right sockets, it would deserve the thanks of the century."

The vision which arose in my mind of candles in the *wrong sockets*, guttering, smoking, wasting their substance and spoiling everything in their vicinity with soot and melting grease, was so like some people I know that I laughed long over it.

The Sorosis Club is a moneyed institution whose members give diamond trophies to their retiring president, and their president is a typical American woman with a flow of the largest language I ever encountered, who accepted, analyzed, spiritualized and browbeat those poor diamonds in an access of florid and far-fetched eloquence that sounds little less than ridiculous in cold type, but being delivered with the grace and benignity and matronly charm that encircles those delightful New York women like a halo, it was doubtless intelligible and altogether lovely.

LADY GAY.

Love's Awaiting.

For Saturday Night.

The babbling brooklet is calling
Merrily, sweetheart, to thee,
And it's sun-flecked waters are dancing
In wildest, happiest glee.

Its moss-beds are cool and inviting,
Set in violets, white and blue,
With dewdrops sheening and shining—
A couch, my darling, for you.

Wild roses for pinkiest splendor
Are vending their fragrance for thee.
All Nature is daintiest langour
Lies swooning in rapt ecstasy.

Sweetest heart, sweetest heart, Wherefore art thou?
For all the land and the sea,
Is decked in the sheeniest splendor,
Awaiting thy coming to me.

R.

A Terrible Fellow.

Penlope (proudly)—I want to marry a man who will be my master.

Dickey—Weally, I think I am just the one, my dear, in fact I know it. You weally ought to see me manage my valet. I am actually bwutal to the poor fellah, don't you know.—*Munsey's.*

Well Schooled.

Army Officer—A war with some foreign power would be a great thing for us regular officers.

City Girl—But just think of the hardships that you would experience.

Army Officer—O, they would be nothing. I've been living on a lieutenant's pay for nine years.—*Munsey's.*

Not the Climate.

It is an odd thing that the temperate zone contains the hardest drinkers on the face of this earth.

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Balbriggan Hose, three pairs for 60c.
Balbriggan Hose, three pairs for 75c.
Black Cashmere Hose, 25c.
Black Cashmere, full fashioned, three pairs 85c.
Black Stainless Hose, 10c.
Men's Knitted Socks, 10c.
Men's Knitted Socks, three pairs 25c.
Men's Merino Socks, 20c.

You buy hose and underwear at same counters. Our story of prices is rather wonderful, and tells of fine goods and little to pay for them.

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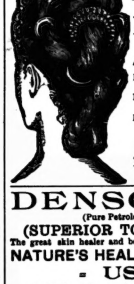

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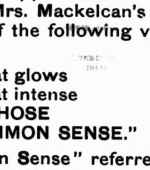

Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

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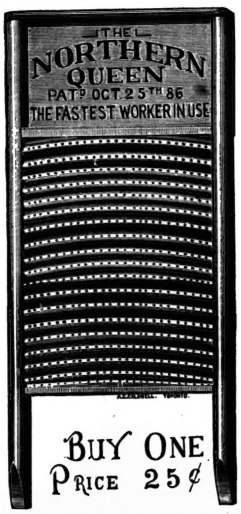

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"SING WHILE HE MAY. MAN HATH NO LONG DELIGHT."

Gerard and his companion started for the south in the train de luxe that left Charing Cross early in the forenoon. A sunlit passage across the channel, a day of cigars smoking and newspaper reading and brief intermittent slumbers, into which they sank, not from sleepiness but from sheer intensest weariness; an evening at piquet played under the vacillating light of a couple of reading lamps, while the train rushed southward; and then a long weary night in which the same rushing sound, the same incessant oscillation mixed itself with every dream, while now and again the sudden thunder of a passing train startled the dreamer with some hideous image conjured instantaneously out of the distorted dream world.

Gerard's spirits had been wild and fitful all through the long day and evening, now breaking out into gaiety, now sinking into gloom. His strongest feeling was a sense of relief. He had escaped, set himself free from a life that had been gradually growing abhorrent to him. He had escaped from the house of melancholy, from the atmosphere of undying remorse. Most of all, he had escaped from him—that living spectre, the disease and disaster of humanity, the perpetual reminder of old age, disease, and death; the mindless automaton whose vicinity made life hideous.

"If duty is more to her than love she must find happiness in doing her duty," he said to himself again and again, while his thoughts and fancies set themselves to the rhythmical beat of the engine, audible above the rush of the train. "She must find happiness—doing her duty!" With every hour of those commonplace words repeated themselves.

He had done his duty by her, he told himself. If I had given her the option she had not chosen to stand by the earlier tie. Obstinately, needlessly, in opposition to all reason she had sacrificed herself to the father whose only claim upon her love at the best had been a father's name. She had chosen.

Yes, he had done his duty. He hurried although his flight from England had been, eager as he was to plunge into new scenes, to wash the bitter taste of memory out of his mouth with the waters of novelty, he had taken every step necessary to ensure Hester Davenport's material prosperity. His last act before leaving London had been to execute the deed which provided for her. She would be a rich woman all the days of her life—a very rich woman—able to enjoy all that wealth can offer of splendor, luxury, variety, the world's esteem, long after he would be inurned in bronze or marble, a handful of mindless dust. She had known the sharp sting of poverty all through the fairest years of her youth, and would be the bitter able to appreciate the unspeakable privileges of wealth. He told himself that he could afford to think of her without one remorseful pang; yet he did pick think in the enforced waking hours of long sleepless hours, cramped, with aching limbs in his narrow berth. The pale, pathetic face, the imploring eyes haunted him.

He thought of the infinite consolations of her life—a life not measured like his miserable existence, within the narrow limits of a year or two. If she was alone now, she could find a sad phantasm of mindless humanity, she would have a new companion before very long—the sweetest, tenderest companionship that life can know—the child who in every attribute recalls all that was best and dearest in the father.

"If I had stayed with her to the end our parting must have come all the same," he told himself, "and why should I sacrifice my poor remnant of life to the sorrows and miseries that agonizes me? One little year, perhaps, at the best. Only a year. Am I a wretch because I try to make the best of life?"

He looked at Justin Jermyn sleeping on the other side of the carriage, the image of placid repose, his breathing as regular as an infant's, his complexion delicate as fair in the lamplight, his parted lips rosy as the lips of a child.

"There is enjoyment of life," mused Gerard, "and yet I don't believe that man ever had an unselfish thought, or would hesitate at the commission of the darkest crime, if crime would make life pleasant to him."

He remembered how Jermyn had pushed him on to the alliance with Hester, and how Jermyn had urged him to sever the tie directly it became irksome—a man who perhaps had done very little evil on his own account, who had neither robbed the widow and orphan nor murdered his friend, but who went the world giving evil advice lightly, with a graceful carelessness, a perpetual happy go-lucky air which eliminated the wrongfulness from the evil action, and made so airy a jest of virtue that vice seemed non existent. And, after all, when a man has filed down his belief to the vile materialism, when he says of that microcosm, himself, "Thou art as the beasts that perish," it becomes very hard to define vice and virtue.

In the gray dawn of the March morning Gerard envied his Mentor that childlike slumber, that perfect complacency and content with life. And then what physical advantages the man had! Lungs sound as a bell; muscles which no exercise could tire—an athlete in the gymnasium, on the tennis court or golf links alike inimitable. Yes, that was the glory of life—a mind without sense of wood and evil; a body endowed with health and strength, and with the promise of long life in every organ and every limb. Better than millions; better than that plethora of gold which seemed a mockery to the man whose days were numbered.

Gerard pondered on the months that he had wasted in the cottage by the river, living as a man might live whose income was under a thousand a year; he who had the spending of nearly a hundred thousand in the twelve months if he chose; he whose duty it was, knowing himself doomed to early death, to riot in gold, to wallow in the pleasures of sense, to melt pearls of price in his wine, to achieve some mad extravagance—some folly which should be remembered when he was dust—almost every day of his life.

For fame he had done nothing. Granted that he had furnished a house which in every detail testified to lavish wealth and original taste, but do not the wool-growers of Australia and the petroleum merchants of America do as much as that? Clever as he undoubtedly himself, he had made no new departure. He had given *recherche* luncheons and had succeeded in having his hospitality spoken of as "the Hilliers club *table d'hote*" by the writings of his circle, mostly, perhaps, by those whom he did not entertain. He had bought some of the costliest books from choicest collections lately brought to the hammer. He had patronized some rising artists, eccentrics of the French and Belgian schools, had bought statues, and had given exorbitant sums for carriage horses which he rarely used, and for a park hack which he rode so seldom that every ride had been a narrow escape of sudden death. He had done very little with his money, he who when penniless had pondered so often on the potentialities of wealth, and the poor use that the average millionaire makes of his golden opportunities! He, Gerard Hillersdon, man of the world, thinker, dreamer, fully abreast with all the newest ideas, felt that his career up to this point had been a failure. And the time that remained to him for achievement was so short, so short! He was oppressed by a sense of hurry, an eagerness to enjoy, which kept his blood at fever point. How slow was this so-called express; how uncomfortable this *train de luxe!*

While the glamor of a passionate love had lasted that tranquil existence by the river had been perfect happiness, but now, by a strange perversity of mind, he looked back upon the idyllic monotony of those days with a feeling that was near akin to disgust. It was not that he could contemplate Hester's image without tenderness, but between the fair young face and his picture of the Rosary there came an image of horror—the face and form of the man whose shattered carcass was in some wise his work. He forgot all that he had enjoyed of exquisite bliss—the dual joys of a supreme and unselfish love—in the nearer recovery of that one hideous night, in the painful associations of that after time when Hester's heart had been divided between love and duty.

No; he could not think of those days in him away from those memories. They were at Monte Carlo in the golden light of afternoon. Only yesterday they had dined at the Café Riche on the Boulevard in the gray gloom of a March morning. To-day they were taking afternoon-tea on a wide balcony over-looking the sunlit Mediterranean, the promontory, with its twin towers, and all theatrical gardens and turrets, pasteboard pinnacles, trim terraces, steps and balustrades of Monte Carlo.

They were to stay here for a few days, as long as the place amused them, and then they were to go to Florence, Venice, or by easy stages, as the spirit moved them. Jermyn's spirits were too equable to be brightened by the change from London grayness to this land of Europe, to the sunlit south. He had read with a gay laugh, and sniffed the balmy air with sensuous appreciation.

"What a delicious climate your doctor was to send you to the sunny south," he exclaimed, "and what a sensible man you were to invite me to share the option rendered by it."

"I should have been bored to death if I had come alone," answered Gerard, laughingly, "and I really think you are the one man whose society suits me best—though I have the most despicable opinion of your morals."

"My dear Hillersdon, I never set up for having any morals. I don't know what morals mean. There are certain things that I wouldn't do, because no man can do them and hold his head up in society. I wouldn't cheat at cards, for instance, or open another man's letter. Between men there is a kind of honesty which must be observed, or society couldn't hold together. Between men and women: well, I think you must have found out long before you met me that the weaker sex is outside the laws of honor, and that a man who would rather perish than falsify his score at whist or ecarte thinks it a bagatelle to trick a woman out of her reputation. I fear, my dear, the net result of life I believe women have the best of it; and for every one whom we lead astray there are two who fatten upon our destruction, as Gerard, which you may see exemplified in this charming place."

They were at a brand new hotel, a white-walled palace that delight in commanding sea and shore. La Condamine lay in a sunny hollow below them, a concatenation of white villas and red roofs, with narrow gardens, balconies and trellises brimming over with flowers, the rich purple masses of the Bougainvillers conspicuous above all the rest, flowers of geraniums, an avalanche of blossom pouring down the hill to the lapis blue of the sea. The hotel was so new that it seemed to have been built and furnished for them. They were the second floor, and consisted of ante room, saloon and dining-room, bedrooms and bathroom, all upholstered in the same silvery gray and green, with artistic touches of warmer color here and there, to accentuate the prevailing coolness. A marble loggia extended the whole length of the windows, and in the balmy atmosphere of an Italian springtide the loggia was the most delightful spot in which to live.

Gerard and his companion had lunched in the rooms after their eight o'clock dinner. The season was nearly over, and there was ample space for moving about in the gaudy restaurant rooms, and the vivid light concentrated on the green cloth; but the players gathered thickly round the tables, and there were plenty of people in the rooms who looked upon higher class perhaps than are to be found in the height of the season, when the idle and the curious surge in and out and peer and saunter in the anxiousness of the players who mean business and nothing else.

For Gerard, since his accession to fortune, play had but little charm. While he was still poor he had hankered after the feverish delights of the baccarat table and had frequented clubs where play ran high, venturing small stakes, which when smallest were more than he could afford to lose—but now that loss or gain had ceased to affect him he needed some stimulus from without to give a flavor to play.

He found that stimulus in the very atmosphere of the *trente et quarante* room, where some of the handsomest women and some of the quickest witted men in Paris crowded round the tables and tempted him as he leant forward to deposit his stake. He played very carelessly, sometimes letting his winnings lie on the table till they were trebled and quadrupled before the inexorable rake swept them away, sometimes putting aside his gains in a little heap of gold and notes, which some of those lovely Parisian eyes watched covetously. He was more interested in the people at the table than in the game. It surprised him to see how many of those people exchanged greetings with Justin Jermyn, who had elbowed his way to the front, and was playing with small stakes and an air of profound calculation. His careless nods, his sharp sudden handshakes indicated considerable intimacy with those of the players by whom he was greeted. The beautiful women smiled at him with an air of patronage, and he was equally patronizing to the keen-eyed men. A little pippin of low laughter, a little Parisian, went round the table quieted only by the authoritative hush of the dealer.

Gerard after playing languidly for half an hour, pocketed his little heap of gold—the notes being re-absorbed by the maw of the bank, and gave himself up to observation of the scene. How beautiful some of those faces were—and most of them how wicked! Here the bright black eyes and tilted nose of the Parisienne, there the Roman profile, with eyes and hair like Erebus, and there again a Saxon beauty with milky skin, pale eyes and golden hair, all alike hailed from Paris these syrens, Lutetia being the paradise and happy hunting ground of their kind; but they were of various nationalities, including a hard-eyed and hard-headed Englishwoman, with a plain face and a perfect figure, in a perfectly fitting tailor gown, severe and uncompromising amongst the sumptuous demi-toilettes of sister syrens. This lady was reputed to be richer than any other of the feminine gamesters, and was further reported to have refused her hand in marriage to a British Duke. But there was one face at the *trente et quarante* table which interested Gerard Hillersdon more than all this cosmopolitan beauty, the one only face which wore the typical expression of the gambler, a face haggard with intensity, pinched and worn with inward fever. It was the face of a small elderly woman who sat at the end of the table near the dealer, and who from time to time consulted a perforated card upon which she marked the progress of the game; a small face, with delicate aquiline features, thin lips and auburn hair slightly silvered. There was that in the careless attire, the shabby little black lace hat of a fashion of four or five years ago, the Spanish lace shawl hanging in slovenly folds over one shoulder, ragged and rusty with long wear, the greasy black silk gown which told of womanhood that had done with all womanly graces and had sacrificed to one darling vice all the energy, all the emotions, all the extravagances of the sex. Gerard became more interested in this one player than in the fortunes of the table, and pondered that Jermyn had touched his shoulder twice before he could attract his attention.

"It is close upon eleven o'clock," said Jermyn, "and the rooms shut at eleven. What are we to do with the rest of the evening? There are plenty of people whom I know—shall I invite a few of them, the most amusing, to your rooms?"

"By all means. Ask them to supper. Let us make believe that the world is nearly two centuries younger, that we are living in the Regency, and that Philip of Orleans is our wise his work. Life forgot all that he had enjoyed of exquisite bliss—the dual joys of a supreme and unselfish love—in the nearer recovery of that one hideous night, in the painful associations of that after time when Hester's heart had been divided between love and duty.

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no religion, no law but to adore each other! It was her own fault that they were parted. Had she been with him these ribald revellers would not have been there. He would have found enough happiness in her sweet society. He had never changed to her. It was she who had changed to him.

Yes, he could have escaped from that atmosphere of remorse, glad to be on his way to his first love, glad most of all to be in this fairest world of all by the side of his deathless memories, glad to be under these brighter stars. Even folly was pleasant to him as a relief from too much thought. When he saw acquaintances of the night remembered his existence so far as to come out into the loggia to take leave, in the faint roseate glow of approaching day, he invited the fairest and wittiest among them to breakfast with him.

"Not to-morrow, but to-day," he said; "Jermyn means to have new pleasures for us—picnics, excursions, by sea or mountain. I mean my brief stay here to be all holiday—if you will help me."

He had the fair Bavarian's hand in his, while the bright black eyes and white teeth of the pug-nosed Comtesse Rigolboche smiled down upon him.

"I had booked my place in the *train de luxe* for to-morrow," said Rigolboche, "but I'll change the date, and I'll come to your picnic, if you do. We'll all help you to conjugate the verb rigoler, rigolons, rigolez."

The other voices took up the word, and the revellers departed to a chorus of "Rigolons, rigolez."

Mr. Jermyn was equal to the occasion. He ordered *dejeuners* and dinners. He elicited the talents of the *chef*, he taxed the uttermost resources of the well-found hotel. He kept the telegraph wires employed between Monte Carlo and Nice, Marseilles and Paris, and choicest dainties were expressed along the line. Alternating with messages that involved life and health, fortune, all that is prized in life, flew orders for Perigord pies or monster lobsters, Chasselas grapes, wood strawberries, oysters, ortolans, quails. Everything he touched was successful, and that week at Monte Carlo was a triumph of gourmandise and wild amusement. The hills echoed with the songs of the revellers; the sea waves danced to the music of their laughter as they sailed round the point of Rocque Brune, or lay becalmed in the sheltered gulf of Espedaletti. The weather was exquisite—that perfect atmosphere of spring time on the Riviera which makes one forget that there could be winter anywhere, and yet has an exhilarating quality, cool and sleet. It was earthquake weather, Justin Jermyn said, regretting how far that been that February which was startled by an appalling shock of earthquake. He told them that this glad, beautiful shore was preparing itself for just such another convulsion, but the joyous band laughed him to scorn.

"If a great pit were to open in this mountain side, how we all alive! I should not care, said Rigolboche, emptying her glass with a piquant turn of wrist and little finger. "I'd come, if we lived any life."

Hillersdon sighed. How lightly this woman thought of life, while he counted each vanishing hour and clung with longing desire to the present, which he knew and could not resign himself to the inevitable end, could not bring himself to say, "I have lived and am content to die."

Lottchen, the lovely Bavarian girl, had attached herself to him with devotion since the night when she had seen the spaniel of him with such brutal scorn. She had gone from scorn to pity, and pity had deepened into love. In all idle revelries she had kept close of him, hung upon his footsteps, sought his society. Her soft, clinging ways touched his heart but that heart was cold to all her charms. She was no more to him than a pretty child by the roadside, holding up a handful of flowers as his carriage drove by.

Rigolboche, too, the reckless and brilliant Rigolboche, who spent more money and who owed more than any lady of her set, tried all her wiles in response to the challenge of *deux fois* millionaire—"*des* millions sterling *bien entendu*"—but the wit of the Parisienne had no more power to fascinate Gerard Hillersdon than the loveliness of the Bavarian. It may be that he had outlived the power of loving; that in his intensified anxiety for his own life and happiness humanity had become indifferent. If he was looking forward eagerly to re-union with Edith Champion it was because in that re-union he hoped to recover the freshness of his vanished youth, to become once again hopeful and full of energy, as in the days that were gone.

The spirits which Jermyn had assembled served to amuse him, and that was much. That circle of bright faces shut out the dark images of painful memory, and wrapped him as then he was alone. That festal companionship made thought impossible, and when the night of revelry ended, mostly on the edge of day, he was so thoroughly wearied that he slept more soundly than he had done for a long time.

There was a keen delight, too, in the knowledge that he was spending his money. The more lavish the entertainment, the more extravagant the feast, the better was his pleasure. Hardly had the boatmen of la Condamine fared as they fared with him. It was his delight to see them rioting on the remnants of the banquet, devouring quails at a plentiful, yielding lady who was called *diaphanous* their rude clasp-knives into pies that had come by express train from Chevet. He flung gold pieces about wherever he went, as the rich Indian Rajah. The waiters at the hotel fawned upon him as if he had been an emperor; the manager addressed him in hushed accents as if he had been a god.

He spent an hour at the rooms every evening. He liked to see his syrens play, and he supplied them with the funds for their ventures at the *trente et quarante* tables. For his own part he played no more after the first evening. The game had ceased to interest him, the players did. So he moved about quietly, or stood in the background, and watched the faces in the lamp light.

The little elderly woman with the feverish black eyes was generally in the same place near the dealer, her bonnet always badly put on and carelessly tied, her lean, ungloved hands not conspicuously clean, Gerard derived a sinister pleasure from his observations of this woman. She was a study in morbid anatomy. All the forces of her being were concentrated upon the card table. There were nights when she was radiant, glorified, as if some supernal lamp were burning behind the dull olive complexion, and illuminating the dark Italian eyes. There were other nights when her face had a marble fixity, which would have been like death had not the unceasing movement of the anxious eyes made that marble mask more awful than death. Gerard found after a time that this woman was conscious of being observed, that, in spite of the concentration of all her faculties upon the gambling table, she had a restlessness under scrutiny, a nervous apprehension which showed itself from time to time in birdlike glances in his direction, or in an angry movement of the hand which had been idle, and, perceiving this, to disguise his interest and watched her furtively, hoping to escape observation. He had noted that on the thin black cord on which her pince-nez hung she had one of those horned morsels of coral which the Italian peasant deems a charm against the evil eye, and he had noted how at the pleasant near her on two or three occasions she had clutched this talisman in her skinny fingers, as if automatically, moved by an instinct of self defence.

. . . . . .

It was his last night at Monte Carlo, and the eve of a water picnic which was to signalize his departure, and which was to be the bouquet in the series of entertainments organized by Justin Jermyn. He had spent half an hour at a jeweler's on the hill, and had chosen farewell gifts for the syrens, including a superb diamond hoop for the slim round wrist of Lottchen, in whose eyes he had seen tears of real tenderness yesterday when a violent access of his cough had left him speechless and exhausted. For every tear he would give her a diamond of purest water, and yet think her tears poorly recompensed.

He went down to the rooms for the last time that season. Would he ever see them again, he wondered, at any season? Were not all seasons fast closing for him, or would science, aided by wealth, pitch up these feeble lungs of his, and spin out the frail thread of existence yet a few more years in the summer lands of earth. He would go anywhere, to the South seas, to the West Indies, to the Australasias, anywhere out of live, and he told himself that Edith Champion would deem no land a place of exile where they two could live together. She had no other ties, no superior claim of a exaggerated filial love. Her sacrifice to her husband's memory and to society's good opinion had been made. The quarter year of her year of widowhood were spent and when she saw what need he had of a wife's protecting companionship, she would gladly forego the remainder of that ceremonial year, and marry him off hand, at the Florentine Legation.

The thought of her was in his mind to-night in the intervals of the last act of the week of folly; the sound of the jester's bells had been sweet in his ear; but he was weary of that silvery jingle, and he was satiated with pleasure to the sober luxuries and splendors of his life with Edith.

He was in treaty, through Justin Jermyn, for a villa on the finest reaches of Nice, and he and his wife would make a tour of all the fairest ports of the Mediterranean—lingering or hastening as inclination led.

The little Italian was at her post as usual, and one furtive glance at her face told Gerard that luck had been against her. She had the rigid, death-like look he knew so well. He watched—across the burly shoulders of an English bookmaker, returning from a race-meet-

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ing in the Roman Campagna, and loud in his denunciation of the pari-mutuel system. Her bad luck continued. Stake after stake—ventures which had dwindled to the minimum morsel of gold—were swept away by the inexorable rake, until she sat with clasped hands, watching and not playing, too well known an *habitue* to be asked to make way for the players. The officials knew her ways, and that after sitting statue-like during two or three deals she would rise slowly, as one awakening from a painful dream, and walk quietly away—to re-appear the following night with money obtained none knew how.

Gerard felt in his breast pocket for a bundle of notes, and went round the table towards the back of the lady's chair, intending to push the money quietly into her hand, and to vanish before she had recovered from her surprise at his action; but his intention was frustrated for as his hand brushed against her shoulders she started up suddenly as if she had been stung, and turned upon him with eyes that burnt like twin coals of fire in her pallid face. The papidity of her movement and that burning gaze startled him, and he drew back in confusion.

The lady advanced upon him as he retreated, until they were at some distance from the tables, away from the glare of the lamps. There she stopped, fixing him with her fiery eyes.

"You do not appear to be an ardent gambler, Monsieur," she said.

"No, madame, I am not a gambler. *Trente et quarante* is utterly without interest for me."

"Why then do you haunt these rooms?"

"I come to observe others and to be amused."

"Amused by evil passions which you do not share, amused as devils are amused with the sins and miseries of humanity. Do you not know that your presence here is odious, that your glances, bring misfortune wherever they rest?"

"I do not know why that should be. I have no malicious intention. I am only a looker on."

"So is death a looker on at the game of life, knowing that sooner or later he must win. Your presence here is fatal, for there is death in your face; and since this room was not built for idle observers, but for business-like players, I believe you will be doing everybody a favor by absenting yourself in future. I believe I have expressed the desire of the whole assembly."

She made him a sweeping curtsey, drew her ragged lace shawl about her shoulders and passed him on her way to the door. He stood with his packet of notes still in his hand, looking after her dumbly.

Yet one more voice to remind him of approaching doom.

(To be Continued.)

The Reporter's Life is Not a Happy One.

Eastern Newspaper Correspondent.—What are the chances, chief? Is there going to be another Indian outbreak during the—

Citizen—Take off yer hat, there, when you're talkin' to the only lady in town!—*Puck.*

Don'ts for Amateur Writers.

Don't send your photograph to the editor with your manuscript.

Don't send references as to character from your pastor or from any one else.

Don't tell him what "competent critics" have said about your work.

Don't try to see the editor personally.

Don't roll your manuscripts, and don't tie them up with a blue ribbon, or with a ribbon of any kind.

Don't give the editor an epitome of your private and domestic affairs, together with an account of the circumstances under which you happen to be writing.

Don't ask the editor his opinion of your work. In most cases you wouldn't want to know it, even if he were willing to tell it to you.

Don't send to the editor a saucy letter if he returns your manuscript. Let the matter end right there so far as that editor is concerned. Don't commit the awful folly of writing and accusing him of favoritism in the acceptance of manuscripts.

Don't ask for the return of your manuscript without enclosing stamps for that purpose.

Don't sew the pages of your manuscript together. Few editors can forgive an offence of this kind.

Don't write an almost unintelligible hand under the impression that writing of this sort is an indication of genius. Genius manifests itself in other ways.

Don't quote too much. It indicates a good deal of vacuum where your own ideas should be.

Don't punctuate too painfully, particularly if you know nothing about this art, and be cautious and sparing in the use of quotation marks and underscored words.

Don't tell the editor that you are a subscriber to his "valuable magazine" or paper, thereby implying that you have a claim of him.

Don't tell him in one line that you have "long admired" his own work and in the next ask him to accept some of your own.

In most cases, don't write at all. Learn a trade, or become a farmer, or go west, or do something more likely to secure you a livelihood.—*The Writer.*

No Niggers Need Apply.

What is fame after all? Henry M. Stanley's little Zanzibar boy Sardi was kicked downstairs by one of the ushers at a California theater on account of his color. The Californians evidently do not want any Umslopogas in theirs.

Signs of the Times.

Sharp—Renthaus is going to move again.
Flat—How do you know?
Sharp—He's using up the back steps for kindling.—*Judge.*

Buried Alive.

The guests filed slowly into the great dining-hall of the hotel and sat down at their places. The waiters began their serving quite leisurely in order to give the belated ones time to arrive and to save themselves the trouble of bringing back the dishes; the old bathers, the *habitues*, with whom the season was far advanced, kept an alert watch upon the door each time it was opened, hoping for the appearance of fresh faces.

That is the chief distraction of watering-places. We go to dinner to inspect the daily arrivals, to wonder who they are, what they do, and what they think. A restless desire takes possession of us, a longing for pleasant adventures, for friendly acquaintances, for lovers, perhaps. In this elbow-to-elbow sort of life our unknown neighbors assume extreme importance. Curiosity is aroused, sympathy is on the alert, and the social instinct is active.

We have hatreds for a week and friendships for a month; we view men with other eyes, through the special optics of a watering-place acquaintance. Suddenly, during an hour's talk after dinner under the trees in the park, there bubbles up a healing spring, we discover men of superior intelligence and surprising merit, and a month later we have completely forgotten these new friends so charming at first sight.

There also, more quickly than anywhere else, are formed grave and lasting ties. We see each other every day, know each other very soon, and in the affection that springs up is mingled something of the sweet abandon of old intimates. Later on tender recollections are cherished of the first hours of friendship, of the first communion in which the soul was brought to light, of the first looks that questioned and responded to the interrogatories and secret thoughts the lips had not yet uttered, of the first cordial confidence, and that charming sensation of opening one's heart to some one who also seems to lay bare his own to you.

Then, too, the very dullness, the monotony of days exactly alike, hourly renders more complete the unfolding of friendship's flower.

That evening then, as every evening, we awaited the entrance of unfamiliar faces.

There came only two, but very strange ones. Those of a man and a woman—father and daughter. They reminded me at once of some of Edgar Poe's characters; and yet there was an attraction about them, an unpleasant attraction; I set them down as the victims of some fatality. The gentleman was very tall and spare, slightly bent, with hair quite white, too white for his still young countenance; there was in his carriage and about his person the serious air of austerity that bespeaks the Puritan. The daughter was, perhaps, about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age. She was small and emaciated, and her exceedingly pale face wore a languid, spiritless expression. We sometimes encounter people who appear too weak for the cares and demands of life, too feeble to move, to do the things we must do every day. This girl was pretty, with the transparent beauty of an apparition; she ate with extreme slowness, as if she were almost incapable of moving her arms.

It was she undoubtedly who came for the benefit of the waters.

They happened to be opposite me, on the other side of the table; and I immediately noticed that the father had a very singular nervous affliction.

Whenever he was about to reach for anything his hand, with a quick jerk, described a sort of a fluttering zigzag before he was able to touch what he was after. In a few moments this motion annoyed me so much that I turned away my head in order not to see him.

I also observed that the young girl kept a glove on her left hand while she ate.

After dinner I went out to take a turn in the park belonging to the water-cure establishment. It extended to the little station of Auvergne, Chatel Guyon, hidden in a deep gorge at the foot of a high mountain, from which ran so many bubbling springs hot from the deep furnace of old volcanoes. Over there, beyond us, the domes, extinct craters, raised their mutilated heads above the long chain. Chatel Guyon begins the land of Domes.

Beyond the Domes are two distinct regions, the one of needle-like peaks and the other of abrupt, precipitous mountains.

The Puy de Dome is the highest of the craters, the Pic du Sancy the most elevated of the peaks, and the Plomb du Cantal is the greatest of the last type of mountains.

It was very warm that evening. I was walking back and forth in the shady path listening to the music pouring forth from the casino on a mound that overlooked the park.

I perceived the father and daughter coming toward me with slow steps. I saluted them as, in watering places, one salutes his hotel companions. The gentleman, stopping immediately, inquired of me:

"Pardon me, sir, may I ask if you can direct us to a short walk, easy and pretty, if possible?"

I offered to conduct them myself to the valley through which the slender river flows—a deep, narrow gorge between two great declivities, rocky and wooded.

They accepted.

And naturally enough we spoke of the virtue of the mineral waters.

"Ah, yes," said he, "my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which her physicians are unable to determine. She suffers from incomprehensible nervous symptoms. Sometimes they think her afflicted with heart disease, sometimes with liver complaint, and sometimes with spinal difficulty. At present they attribute to the stomach, which is the great motor and prime regulator of the body, this Proteus-like malady of a thousand forms, a thousand modes of attack. That is why we are here. In my case, it is very sad."

That reminded me immediately of the violent jerking of his hand, and I asked:

"But is that not hereditary? Are not your own nerves a little affected?"

Tranquilly he answered:

"Mine? Oh, no; I have always possessed very calm nerves."

Then suddenly, after a pause, he remarked:

"Ah, yes! You refer to the action of my hand whenever I reach for an object! That is the result of a terrible shock I once had. Imagine, sir, this child has been buried alive!"

I could find nothing to say, except "Ah!" with emotion and surprise.

He went on: "Here is the story. It is simple. Juliette had for some time seemed subject to disordered action of the heart. We were sure she suffered from some disease of this organ and expected the worst.

"One day she was brought in lifeless—dead. She had fallen dead while walking in the garden. The physician issued a certificate of death. I watched beside her for a day and two nights. I myself placed her in the coffin, which I followed to the cemetery where she was laid in the family vault. It was in the country, in Lorraine.

"I had wished that she should be buried with her jewels, bracelets, necklaces, rings, all the presents that I had given her, and her first ball dress.

"You can imagine the state of my heart on returning home. She was all I had, my wife having been dead for many years. Stunned and half mad, I shut myself alone in my room and fell into an arm-chair, almost senseless, unable to move. I was merely a wretched, breathing wreck.

"My old valet, Prosper, who had helped me place Juliette in her coffin and lay her away for her last rest, entered noiselessly and asked:

"'Monsieur, will you not eat something?' I shook my head, without speaking.

"He persisted:

"'Monsieur is wrong. This will make him ill. Would monsieur like me to put him in bed?'

"I answered:

"'No; let me alone.'

"And he withdrew.

"How many hours may have passed I know not. Oh! what a night! What a night! It was cold; my fire had burned out in the great fire-place; and the wind, a wintry gale, charged with icy frost, was howling without and rapping at my windows with a peculiarly sinister sound.

"Long hours rolled away. I sat there, wide awake, prostrated and overwhelmed; my eyes were open, but my body was nerveless, dead, and my soul engulfed in despair. Suddenly the great hall-bell rang out.

"I gave such a start that my chair creaked under me. The slow, solemn sound vibrated in the empty house. I looked to see the hour by the clock. It was two in the morning. Who could be coming at such an hour?

"And abruptly the bell rang twice again. The servants certainly would not dare answer it. I took a candle and descended. I was about to demand:

"'Who is there?'

"Then, ashamed of this weakness, I slowly drew back the heavy bolts. My heart throbbed; I was afraid. I opened the door brusquely and descried in the gloom a shape like a phantom dressed in white.

"I recoiled, impotent with anguish, and stammered:

"'Who—who—who are you?'

"A voice answered:

"'It is I, father.'

"It was my daughter.

"Really, I thought myself mad; and I shrank away, retreating backward before the spectre as it entered, gesticulating with my hand as if to ward off the apparition. That gesture has never left me.

"The phantom spoke again:

"'Have no fear, papa; I was not dead. Some one has stolen my rings and has cut off my finger; the blood began to flow, and that has revived me.'

"And I observed, then, that she was covered with blood.

"I fell to my knees, gasping, sobbing hysterically.

"As soon as I had partly recovered my senses, so dazed still that I hardly comprehended the terrible happiness that had come to me, I made her go up to my room and placed her in my arm-chair, then I rang sharply for Prosper that he might rekindle the fire, prepare a warm drink for her and summon a physician.

"The man entered, gazed at my daughter, opened his mouth with a spasm of fright and horror, then fell on his back, stark dead.

"It was he who had opened the vault, who had mutilated and then abandoned my child, for he could not efface traces of his robbery; he had not even taken pains to place the coffin back in its case, certain, moreover of not being suspected by me, who trusted him fully.

"You see, monsieur, that we are very unfortunate people."

He was silent.

Night had come on, shrouding with its gloom the sad and solitary little vale, and a kind of mysterious dread seized me at finding myself alone with these uncanny beings—this corpse come to life and this father with his appalling gestures.

I could find nothing to say, but stammered:

"What a horrible thing!"

Then, after a while, I added:

"Let us return! The night has grown chill."

And we walked back toward the hotel.—*Translated from the French of Maupassant by Anna Blakeman Jones.*

For Nervous Diseases.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. F. G. Kelly, Alderton, W. T., says: "I have prescribed it in a large number of cases of restlessness at night, and nervous diseases generally, and also in cases of indigestion caused by lack of sufficient gastric juice of the stomach, with marked success, and consider it one of the best remedies known to the professional world."

It Depends on the Child.

A man down East has invented a washing machine, the motive power of which is a swing in which a child is placed. The child swings to and fro, and the motion causes the machine to run, with the result that the family washing is done up in good shape. As long as the child does not know that it is doing any work, it would seem that this would be a good scheme; but those who are familiar with the nature of children, will readily see that as soon as the child finds out that the swing is connected with a washing machine, it will suddenly take a strong dislike to the amusement of swinging and get out of it by some excuse or another.—*Peck's Sun.*

Agent C. P. R.

Mr. F. M. Upton, agent C. P. R., Toronto, Ont., says: "My wife suffered severely from an attack of rheumatism when I was induced to give St. Jacobs Oil a trial, with the happiest results. I can confidently recommend your invaluable remedy as a sure cure for this disease." It is the best.

Public Works.

American Taxpayer (traveling in Egypt).—What earthly use were all these monstrous pyramids? Why did the Egyptian governments build them? That's what I can't understand.

American Statesman (after reflection).—Mebby there wor a divvy in 'em.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Her Arithemetic.

Mr. Corncob—Now, Marier, why will you keep a-talkin' agin' terbacker? Why, there's old Peter Flaxseed, mos' ninety, and has allus smoked like a ham house.

Mrs. Corncob—Humph! He might a bin a hundred by this time if he hadn't.—*Judge.*

For the Queen of the May.

"Where vas you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a Maying, sir," she said.
"Veil, I haf here der finest remedy in der vorldt for coughs and colds, only ten cent. Vo't you take one?"—*Puck.*

No Need to Interfere.

Excited lady—Why don't you interfere to stop that dog fight?

Bystander—I was just a goin' to, mum; but you kin calm y'r fears now. My dog is on top at last, mum.

Sarah Bernhardt as Theodora.

THE DIVINE SARAH

WRITES A LETTER.

DEAR MADAM,—The Recamier Preparations are the perfection of toilet articles. Please send me without fail, to-morrow, two dozen assorted for immediate use.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

To Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

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Some Advice to Amateur Photographers.

If you would succeed in your experiments let everything you use be the best of its kind.

A poor camera-box and a weak lens will not give good results.

Have the dark room and everything in it in perfect order.

Use great care in every part of the process. Carelessness never succeeds.

Do not be satisfied with any kind of an impression because some ignorant person has told you that you are doing splendidly.

If you are anxious to excel in photography learn to develop the negative and to print from it. Do not carry your plates to a professional to develop and print them for you. If you do how much of the picture is of your own execution? Anybody can put a plate in a camera and expose it.

Do not attempt portraits of friends; they will find fault with them and laugh at you. Your sitter will not like his expression and will say it is your fault.

Use your plates to make landscapes or views. Do everything deliberately.

Do not neglect to dust the plate before inserting it in the slide or the picture will be spoiled by dust-spots.

Learn to use a reliable plate and do not change.

Use one formula for a developer and keep on doing so until you are master of it.

Master the difficulties and don't get discouraged.—*A. Bogardus, in Lippincott's.*

All The Latest Improvements.

"I wonder if Shakespeare would have modified any of his plays if he had lived until to-day."

"No doubt of it. He would have taken Hamlet, for instance, and made a talk drama in it. Ophelia could then have suicided in full view of the audience."—*Life.*

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Only One Way.

Nelly—I don't see how we can ever get over!
May—I do—but I hope no one else will.—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMOND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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An Etiquette-book Young Man.

THE young man designated by this title is often ambitious in other directions than purely social ones. If occasionally he is the inheritor of a fortune, more frequently his mental attainments or facility to get on in his chosen path of life, are his introductions to a higher grade of society than the one he originated from. Very likely he has brains as well as push, and a useful stock of learning at his fingers' ends. There are times, however, when he would willingly barter some of his business ability in exchange for the ease of yonder stupid young fellow, as he sees him enter a drawing-room and greet his hostess with the air of one "to the manor born."

He has discovered his deficiencies and would give a good deal to know what to do on those rather rare occasions when the doors of upper tendom are opened to him. He feels that he is awkward and is in agony lest by some slip of manner he may be deemed unworthy of any further invitations of the sort. It is of no use to ask advice on these matters from his own people; they are probably more ignorant than he is. He has too much pride to seek it from his better informed new acquaintances, so he surreptitiously buys a book on etiquette and studies it secretly with sometimes very extraordinary results.

The veriest chit of a *debutante* sees through the polish he musters by its aid, and laughs at the tell-tale over-politeness he assumes when following its rules. She cannot understand "why papa insists on asking the man to the house." It is in vain for her father to say "he is a fine, worthy young man." The young lady declares "Mr. Blank is odious." As, whatever his other faults are, he is not a fool, before long he discovers her opinion of him. Mortified and angry this sends him back to a further study of his book. He searches diligently to see in what way he fell short in politeness.

Ah, he's found out. He forgot to carry the young lady's shawl the Sunday he joined her on her way to church and he distinctly remembers turning his back on her mamma when he was leaving the room after making his party call. He resolves not to make those mistakes a second time.

The result is that on his next opportunity he insists on burdening himself with the wraps of the whole party and makes himself ridiculous by backing out of the room like a dancing master and upsetting a three-legged table that happens to be in his way.

He gets hot when he remembers the suppressed laughter of the girls.

And so he blunders along, returning after every failure to his printed guide and mentor. Its hard and fast rules though numerous, are unadapted to meet his every day experiences, and but bewilder him.

He notices that slang is indulged in by people that are considered well-bred. His book says emphatically that "All slang is vulgar," and his faith in the perfect breeding of the people that are so slowly "taking him up" is shaken. Possibly, reasoning on the discrepancies he sees between their behavior and his rules of good manners, he arrives at the democratic and sensible deduction "that he is as good as they are," and that all these social lines and delicate distinctions are nonsense. In fact he's not at all sure that he isn't superior to these fellows who think so much of themselves. For instance, he would never dream of speaking to any lady as that dude Brown does to his feminine friends. It is a puzzle to him why his own tabored compliments and elephantine politeness offend when Brown's unceremonious treatment passes muster. As far as he can see Brown doesn't know the meaning of respect to "the sex;" in his opinion he is but a contemptible specimen of manhood, but he is aware that he is in possession of the "open sesame" to many houses that exclude or at best give him but a grudging welcome. But his actions belie his thoughts. He notices that somehow or other people seem to take all sorts of impertinences from youngsters of Brown's sort in good part, while they meet his deferential familiarity (if one might use the expression) with a coldness that almost amounts to snubbing. If he attempts to imitate the former's ways and is a little jocular, he finds that he is treated with an icy shiver of disapproval. Plainly as he divines the effect he produces, he cannot make out where he is at fault. Afraid of being his natural self the conversational stilts he talks on hamper him horribly, and he knows he lacks the subtle but evasive something that marks a society man, but he hopes to hide that deficiency from other eyes. He knows that in following the lines laid down by his book he is but repeating a lesson by rote that is liable at any critical or unforeseen moment to slip his memory.

Alas! at an evening party he is once mistaken for a waiter!

He never fully recovers from the humiliating moment when another guest told him "to go and get a corkscrew." The only consoling thing about the circumstance is, that he had just sense enough to pretend he hadn't heard the order. He wonders if the fellow ever discovered his mistake and quakes with mortification as he fancies the story going the rounds of his new acquaintances. It is an endless satisfaction to his vanity when he hears that Fitzhugh, the smart Englishman society makes such a fuss over, had a similar experience, but all the etiquette books on earth wouldn't give him courage to tell the story as he did, as a good joke against himself. One cannot help pitying this social floater in his ill-directed efforts to adapt himself to the habits and ways of the people he is desirous of cultivating. One longs to whisper in his ear how much better it would be for him to seek out some well-bred old man and get him to coach him in the many little things he is ignorant of but which he can never learn from books. Small as these little things may seem to him, they have the power to bar him from the enjoyment of good society and throw into shadow the social value of his education and his mental gifts.

J. M. LOES.

Music.

On Thursday of last week the Ladies' Choral Club held its annual concert at Association Hall. The occasion was somewhat unique as the performers were all ladies, the conductress was a lady and the audience was mostly composed of ladies. The platform was beautifully decorated and for once its bareness was tastefully disguised. The audience was simply immense, every seat being occupied and the walls and passages being lined with unhappy wights who came too late to find resting places. The fifty odd pretty young ladies who form the club presented a most charming array when they entered and awaited the appearance of the fair conductress, Miss Hillary, one of our most popular vocal teachers. She showed an admirable control of her forces. The chorus sang exceedingly well, though a maidenly fluttering of nervousness was apparent in the earlier numbers of the programme. This occasionally affected both intonation and attack, but Miss Hillary's masterly (I hope I do not offend by using a masculine adjective) handling of her wand of office pulled them through in excellent style. The tone was in the main good and full, though a little wavering at first. As the evening wore on and as the incidental nervousness wore off, the voices became stronger and the singing more firm and spontaneous. The first piece on the programme, Penrel's Daybreak was a clever four part song, and was excellently sung, though showing the timidity of attack incidental to a first attempt.

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Much better was Mendelssohn's three-part motette, O Praise the Lord, the voices already showing the encouragement of a sympathetic audience. The Swedish Wedding March was excellently sung, showing nice artistic phrasing and a very fair accentuation. The part-song, To the Sunshine, and a clever arrangement of Robin Adair by Mr. Arthur Fisher, Mus. Bac., were the next numbers by the club, and showed continued improvement. A more ambitious effort was the performance of Roeckel's charming cantata, Westward Ho! by the chorus, the solos being sung by members of the club. These were Miss Hillary, Miss Brodie, Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Glass, Miss Archer and Miss Cavan. The club reached the height of its excellence in the rendition of this work which presented difficulties of no mean order. Mrs. Caldwell, the ever-popular, sang Syndeve's Lied, a pretty Swedish song, and the Queen of the Night aria from the Magic Flute. Though only recovering from a severe illness, her voice showed few traces of indisposition and she sang the difficult aria with ease and brilliancy. Mrs. F. J. Moore of London gave a brilliant rendition of three piano pieces: Bach's Bourree, the Erl-King by Schubert-Heller, and a minuet of her own composition.

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And now they are laughing at us over in England on account of our gullibility and the avidity with which we swallow the statements of interested parties regarding the standing "at home" of musical prodigies. Some time ago Mr. C. A. E. Harriss of Montreal, organist and choirmaster and general *entrepreneur* of musical enterprises, announced here and in many other places the arrival of Master Frederick Williams, in a manner that left no doubt in the minds of any one that the lad was the solo choir boy of Westminster Abbey. Advertisements and press notices all conveyed this impression and large audiences were drawn and lucrative contracts made on the strength of such publication. Now comes a London journal called the *Musical News*, and in its issue of April 10 publishes the following paragraph:

"A programme announcement has reached us from Toronto—an ominous place—in which a Mr. Williamson, states, 'That by permission of the Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey, the English Soprano Solo Boy, Master Frederick Williamson, will make his first and only appearance at the Auditorium.' In another column Dr. Bridge states that this sham Westminster Chorister has no sort of connection with the Abbey choir. Our readers will laugh over the pompous announcement of 'the Vicar Choral.' Evidently the people who are running this 'English Soprano Boy' have got a very hazy idea as to the supposed English functionary; possibly they think he is the Musical Dean. We observe from the local journal that the English Soprano Boy has been holding a 'Reception,' at which the notabilities of the city (which owns a certain University) crowded round the gifted English Soprano Boy, no doubt to their own gratification and that of the lad's agent. In the programme of the concert that has reached our office the English Soprano Boy's name is printed in letters twice the size of those of the other performers. Perhaps that is only one of the funny ways they have at Toronto."

Further in the same issue appears the following letter from the organist of Westminster Abbey:

To the Editor of Musical News:

SIR,—Kindly allow me to say that the boy Williams who is now singing in Canada as a Westminster chorister never had any connection with the abbey.

Yours very truly,
J. FREDERICK BRIDGE.

When I noticed this I was curious to see how Mr. C. A. E. Harriss had exploited his young charge, and I looked up a circular he sent to Toronto about November last when he was endeavoring to sell the boy's concerts, and I find that it is headed: "Special engagement—by permission of the Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey—special engagement of the London Soprano Solo Boy, Master Frederick Williams," &c. &c., observed the suggestion! Now is not this ingenious if it fails to be ingenuous? Throughout the lad's trip he was accepted as a Westminster Abbey chorister, a supposition that was tacitly admitted by Mr. C. A. E. Harriss and yet it turns out that the boy never was connected with the Abbey choir! And if he was not so, what on earth had the "Vicar Choral of Westminster Abbey," Mr. Willam Sexton, to do with the matter in the way of giving permission? Altogether it looks as though our friend of the *Musical News* were quite justified in making merry over us. Perhaps Mr. C. A. E. Harriss has some explanation to offer.

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When the *Musical News* man speaks of the "funny ways" we have in Toronto, it may not seem out of place to point out to him that one of our "funny ways" here is to accept a man as a gentleman and a man of honor until we find him to be the opposite, and if a man comes to us from a neighboring city in which he holds a responsible and honorable position in a church, we take his word until it is disproved. Then—we estimate him at his true worth. To quiet the apprehensions of those who are aware that Mr. C. A. E. Harriss is also the manager of Mr. Charles Santley, it may not be out of place to say that the gentleman who sang with the Philharmonic Society on April 6 and 7 last, and who appears here again on Tuesday evening, is the true and original Charles Santley, England's great baritone, and that in this case, at all events, there is no deception.

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At the annual general meeting of the Toronto Vocal Society, held in Harry Webb's parlors, Yonge street, to hear the committee's statement for the past year, after the general business of the society had been discussed and the names of new officers for the season of 1891 and '92 submitted and approved of by the members of the society, the president, Mr. George Musson, at the conclusion of a very complimentary and happy speech congratulating the society on the good work it had put in and the two high-class concerts which had been given, announced that the committee had unanimously decided to re-appoint Mr. W. Edgar Buck as their conductor for the coming season, being the seventh year of the society's existence. The announcement was received with hearty applause by all present. Mr. Buck then made a very happy speech in which he thanked the members for their constancy to the society, to which the roll-call book amply testifies. He also announced his intended trip to Europe, saying that on his return in September he purposed bringing with him musical novelties suitable for the society's use. A hearty vote of thanks was also tendered to the accompanist, Miss Mockridge. After the business of the meeting had been concluded refreshments were partaken of, and the balance of the evening was pleasantly passed in songs, being sung by members of the society, and dancing. The officers of the society for the coming season are as follows: Patrons—Hon. Sir Alex. Campbell, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; The Right-Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto. Officers—Hon-president, J. K. Kerr, Q. C.; president, Geo. Musson; first vice-president, D. Kemp; second vice-president, J. Headley; secy-treas., J. N. Sutherland, (C. P. R.); assistant-secretary, R. Tinning jr., (G. T. R.); librarian, M. J. McNamara. Committee—H. Bourlier, Wm. Fahey, A. W. Dodd, Mrs. Baker, W. S. Blake, A. Ross, Mrs. Clougher, Fraser Macdonald, Arthur White, D. Miller, Miss Schofield, Miss Gray, W. Edgar Buck, conductor.

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The Torrington Orchestra closed its season on Tuesday evening with a very successful concert. Three overtures graced the programme, Leutner's Fest, Weber's Precious, and Mendelssohn's Ruy Blas. These offered a pleasing contrast in style and won hearty applause from the large audience, the first of course being best received owing to its bright character. The orchestra was made up to a force of fifty who gave an excellent account of themselves. The tone was good and clear, intonation very accurate and certain, attacks good and distinct, and a very fair amount of attention to light and shade. Gillet's Loin du Bal, as usual, was warmly received, and the two movements of Jadassohn's Serenade were excellently rendered, and Mrs. D' Ervieux Smith's bright Wenonah waltz set many feet tapping with pleasurable excitement. A very pleasing incident in the programme was the performance by Mrs. and Miss Lina Adamson of a duo concertanti for violins with orchestral accompaniment by Kalliwoda. Mrs. Adamson's talent is so well known in Toronto as not to need any exploitation at this late day, but rather more than a passing word is due to the excellent work done by the younger lady, who has an exceedingly bright tone and very great executive ability. Continuance in her work and study ought to make Miss Adamson's future one that will bear following. Mrs. Mackelcan, as always, charmed with her beautiful voice and won the inevitable encores. Mr. Douglas Bird gave a very acceptable rendering of Adam's Star of Bethlehem. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. H. M. Blight, a sufficient guarantee of their excellence.

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The friends of St. Ann's church, on Dufferin street, will give a concert on Thursday, May 28, at which a choice array of talent will appear. The novelty of Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Agnes Thomson appearing on the same programme ought of itself to draw a large house. The other ladies and gentlemen who will assist are Mrs. A. H. Garrett, Mrs. H. M. Blight, Mr. Harold Jarvis, Mr. J. Bryce Mundie, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. J. F. Thomson and Mr. E. W. Phillips.

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I see that my clever friend, Mr. Thomas Martin of London (the less) has been giving a recital of Chopin music in his city. He chose a programme of sufficient variety to show his versatility as well as his sympathy with this composer. He opened with the concerto in F minor, op 21, the orchestral accompaniment being played on a second piano by Mr. Waldemar Bluethner. A tastefully selected list of minor pieces followed, closing with the Polonaise in A flat, op. 53. Mr. Martin played his whole programme from memory and displayed his excellent technique and artistic feeling to the utmost.

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I believe that there will be quite an exodus of music lovers from the city next week to attend the musical festival at Buffalo, which begins on Wednesday.

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Charles Santley's concert on Tuesday evening is the musical feature of next week and should draw forth a large audience. METRONOME.

The Drama.

I HAVE heard of a firm of Liquier manufacturers, who in advertising their wares named three grades—grade one, for inexperienced drinkers, amateurs in the art who would not know a good liquier from a bad one; grade two, or moderate drinkers; grade three, for well seasoned drinkers experienced in soak. Of a Parlor Match which Evans & Hoey performed at the Grand during the latter half of last week, the mildest that may be said of it is that it is not third grade. The play is said to be written by Chas. H. Hoyt, but I doubt if that prolific author would recognize the child of his imagination. The name is about all of it that remains in its original state. Messrs. Evans and Hoey follow the usual custom of dignifying their variety show with the name farce comedy; an untruthful custom. Still, a variety show may be funny, and if one enjoys a hearty laugh he may have one at a Parlor Match. Messrs. Evans and Hoey have appeared in Toronto many times and their particular lines are familiar to most readers. They quite act up to their show bills. Messrs. Galloway and Sullivan were funny, but the rest of the male support seemed to have been recruited from Toronto's barber shops.

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Of the female support Miss Thropp, the soubrette, was sprightly but "couldn't sing a little bit." In her dancing she showed agility but no originality. The chief attraction in the much vaunted Levey sisters was their legs, which appeared to be lithe and supple. They played their mandolins fairly well, but in their singing were in the same predicament as Miss Thropp. The other ladies had neither good looks nor good voices.

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The Sheridan Club last night performed On Guard, of which I will speak next week.

TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mr. Grant Stewart, the well known Torontonian, is at present playing in New York with Rosina Vokes. He is taking good parts in A Tinted Venus and Jerome K. Jerome's one act comedy, Barbara.

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Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have revived in New York Pinero's two act comedy, The Money Spinner. This comedy was a favorite in the old Wallack days when Rose Coghlan took the leading part. The revival has been a success. They follow the comedy with Theyre Smith's Comedietta, A Happy Pair. In fact, short pieces seem to be very popular in New York this spring. In addition to Rosina Vokes with her well known repertoire, Arthur Dacre and his wife (Amy Roselle) follow the performance of Lady Barter at Palmer's with the little drama, Dream Faces.

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The cheerful face of Herbert Sheppard will be missed from the box office of the Grand Opera House next season, as he takes charge of the Dr. Bill Comedy Company. Dr. Bill was produced in America for the first time at the Garden Theater, New York, where it made such a pronounced success that it was kept on over three months. It was then put on the road and has played to the largest receipts ever known for a comedy, its receipts at the Hollis street Theater, Boston, reaching nearly $11,000. We hope that the same success will be meted out to it next season and that the young man will return to his native city laden with American ducats. At any rate, we cannot wish him a greater share of success than he deserves, as his uniform courtesy and attention have made him very popular with the patrons of the Grand.

Under Green Apple Boughs.

For Saturday Night.

I walk with thee beneath the fragrant trees,
And from their branches, white with apple blows,
I gaze upon thy cheek, that 'neath my glance,
Like blossoms, turns from white to ling'ring rose;
And gazing for a moment in thine eyes
I'm grave and silent, though I scarce know why,
And think I love the heavin's May-time hue
The more for that blue heaven of thine eye.
And then you smile again and the sun's rays
Seem kindlier, more fraught with soft delight,
Because that lesser sunlight of thy smile
When turned on me's so tender and so bright.

H. W. C.

A Song.

For Saturday Night.

There's a sunbeam on the river
Where it passes by a tree,
And a shadow in the sunbeam
Holds an image there for me.

And the shadow on the water,
Has a form I seem to know,
Of a face of gentle beauty
That departed long ago.

Then the ripple of the current,
As it passes by a stone,
Drives away the light and shadow
And once more I'm left alone.

But the pool beside the dead tree
Fascinates my vision more,
As I wander on the green bank
By the lightly pebbled shore.

And the face I see within it,
Comes and goes in fitful gleams,
Like the interrupted vision
Of the forms we see in dreams.

And this likeness that is blotted
By each onward, stealing wave,
Is of one who now is sleeping
In the shadow of the grave.

Yet still I love to wander
Where the waters so fitly flow,
And to see once more in visions
That sweet face of long ago.

PRIDE GRAYDON.

Nemesis.

For Saturday Night.

A butterfly fluttered on gauzy wing
Over a meadow green,
Under one hedge where cur linnets sing
The hawthorn boughs between.
But a boy's swift foot had marked its way,
And soon it quivering, dying lay
In his wanton palm and beat away,
The down of its wings in a mimic rain.
And one day grew black,
And no bird sang
As he wandered back
With tears that sprang
For the life he could not give back again.

As man he looked into a sweet pure face
And lawless love grew strong,
As a torrent that roars in rapid race,
And life was sweet and long.
But his soul stole out from him unaware,
Snared perchance by her nut brown hair,
When he knew not how from realms of care
Thought summoned the butterfly's dying pain.

. . . . . .

Fair maid, sweet maid, pass on your way,
Though his heart be dead and for him no day
May dawn when his soul may win back again.

SAXE.

A Bunch of May Blossom.

For Saturday Night.

I walked through the lanes in the country,
On nature's green carpet so new;
Here and there grew a sweet little flower,
Whose leaves had been kissed by the dew.
I paused as I walked 'long the roadway
O'ershadowed with tall waving pines,
And I listened—the coos of the song birds
Recalled thoughts of far distant climes.

I plucked from a tree by a gateway
A branch of May blossom so white,
Beside bloomed a sweet little primrose
Whose petals unfold with the light.
But I cull'd it,—that pretty wee flower,
With my blossoms I carried it home,
Away from its many companions
To my cot by the wild sea foam.

I gathered a fern by the wayside,
Little corn flowers, too, I espied,
So I plucked them, along with the others
So sweet did they look, side by side—
The May blossom next to the cornflower,
Then the pretty wee primrose and fern;
To complete the bouquet I sought grasses
Which grew on the bank of a burn.

I sauntered along with my flowers,
So pretty and innocent they;
While I gazed at the one and the other
I thought—Oh! how lovely is May.
I fastened them there with a ribbon
Which I took from my hair, (it was blue);
I carried them home, for 'twas evening,
And my flowers had been kissed by the dew.

ADA E. ANDREWS.

Noted People.

Adelaide Ristori is nearly seventy years old, but still preserves her clear voice and her erect figure. Her home is in Rome, Italy.

Mr. R. U. Johnson has been presented with a loving-cup of solid silver, in acknowledgment of his services to international copyright. The gift was from a number of publishers.

Rosa Bonheur's latest picture, After the Storm in the Highlands, was painted at Fontainbleau, from models and sketches made in Argyleshire, Scotland. Mlle. Bonheur is seventy-four years old.

The Prince of Wales was asked on one occasion who was the cleverest woman he had met, and he promptly answered, "My sister, the Empress Frederich."

At the time of President Lincoln's assassination, Rudini was mayor of Palermo, and by his order one of the streets of the town was named Lincoln, in the President's honor.

Miss Mary Helen Carlisle, a girl about twenty years old, has, for the third year in succession, been awarded the medal competed for by art students of both sexes at Julian's school in Paris, for the "Concours" drawings from life.

D'Ornon, the man who set out from Paris to walk on stilts to Moscow, did not go all the way. The police on the Russian frontier would not let him proceed. He is now with an ordinary circus in Prussia.

Mrs. Catherine Sharp of Philadelphia, now in her one hundred and fourteenth year, attributes her great longevity to the fact that she has made it the rule of her life to preserve a tranquil mind and never to become agitated.

Miss Edith M. Thomas, whose numerous and charming poems have brought her name so frequently and favorably before the public, has of late made her home on Staten Island, and assumed an assistant editorship of *St. Nicholas.*

Miss Nevins, a Brooklyn girl, earns a living by giving lessons in photography to men and women who wish to understand and use cameras for amateur or professional purposes. She also prints and mounts much of the work of her patrons and pupils, besides taking orders for photographic work from illustrated magazines, newspapers and architects.

Mrs. Louis Chandler Moulton numbers among her intimate friends in England the poetess Mrs. Arthur Tomson, better known to the reading public by her signature Granam R. Thomson. Mrs. Moulton will pass the summer abroad, and will make London her first tarrying place. In that city she has a large circle of literary and artistic friends.

The late Mrs. John B. Gough was her husband's second wife, having married him soon after his reformation. To her courage and assistance was due much of her husband's success, and she was an influence in the church and social life of Boylston, where she had lived for the last thirty years. She had been helpless from paralysis for many months before her death.

One reads of great artists who, by a few subtle brush-strokes, can command the price of a mediocre's best painting; but for an author, careless pen-dashes seldom bring such rich reward. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, however, possesses the happy faculty of quickly scribbling down in half an hour, on odds bits of paper, quaint and charming jingles that bring her hundred-dollar checks from publishers.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has lately taken a trip to the Pacific coast under especially favorable circumstances. A private car was put at her disposal and she was attended by a skilful traveling companion. The object of her journey was a visit to her youngest son, Herbert Beecher. Although Mrs. Beecher is between seventy and eighty years of age, her complexion is as delicate as that of a child, and her dark eyes and abundant snow-white hair add to her comeliness.

A good story is told of M. Taine. Max Muller, it is said, went to the dining-room of a hotel in Oxford, and there saw Taine with a dish of roast beef and vast quantities of buttered toast. The learned German was surprised at the combination and at the large quantities of the toast. "Is that a French dish?" he asked. "No," said Taine, "but they keep on bringing it to me, in spite of all I can say to the contrary." "What did you ask for?" observed his friend. "Why," replied Taine, "I keep telling them to bring *potertos*, and each time they bring a fresh dish of toast." M. Taine's pronunciation of potatoes was so much like buttered toast that the astonished waiter could not be blamed.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has an inordinate fondness for snakes, hence her ethereal grace; she studies and copies them, hence the serpentine movements which characterize her. She had a beautiful green snake in Paris which was her model and ideal of perfection and which she imitated, thus developing the stealthy glide which makes one's blood run cold when seen in thrilling situations on the stage. Yes, surely, one can speak of the divine Sarah and of graceful serpents without incongruity. A clever French caricaturist, Caran d'Ache, drew a head of Sarah, and represented the rest of her by a spiral scribble. Could anything better describe this bewitching Cleopatra, who twines her favorite and sometimes badly behaved asp around her throat, as she says, tenderly, "He is so cool, and the sensation is delightful!"

Miss Jeannette Gilder, editor of the *Critic*, and sister of Richard Watson Gilder, is a tall, slender woman, rather masculine in feature, and whether in her editorial chair, on the street, or at home, her severely simple toilets vary but little in color or design. Her trim, compact, dark cloth gowns are usually made with a small coat and vest that open slightly to disclose a bit of white shirt-front, dark satin tie, and high collar, while white linen cuffs encircle her wrists. Rarely are the skirts made with useless and heavy draperies, but hang straight, plain and just clear of the ground. The question of dress reform for business women Miss Gilder has quietly solved for herself without begging any advice of the Woman's National Council that considered the subject with much heated discussion a few weeks ago and came to no satisfactory decision.

The Death of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico.

In 1862, when civil war was disturbing the United States, the high-handed proceedings of the government of Mexico involved that country in a disturbance with England, France and Spain, who sought reparation for injuries inflicted on their citizens. Reparation was made and the English and Spanish forces retired. The French, however, remained and occupied the country, their occupation dating from June 5, 1863. The archduke Maximilian, brother of

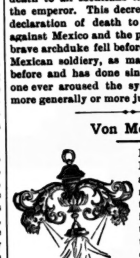
MAXIMILIAN'S LAST MOMENTS.

the emperor of Austria, was invited to assume the office of emperor, and on June 26, 1864, he and his wife, whose melancholy condition since his death has aroused the sympathy of the world, entered Mexico. His government was a wise and liberal one, but he represented clericalism and it was not difficult to incite the populace to revolt against the ruler whose state equipage, the chariot of gold costing many thousands of dollars, was so eminently out of place in a city like Mexico where half the population were freethinkers and a large proportion of the other half were mendicants. In the museum, which is one of the chief points of interest in the City of Mexico, this carriage is still on exhibition, reminding everyone who sees it of the folly of the brave and upright man who endeavored to introduce imperial state and to uphold clericalism in a country where every ruler is envied and every manifestation of wealth begets personal animosity. Mexico has a population of some twelve millions, but the country is owned by less than ten thousand people and the imperial state of the new emperor and the overbearing conduct of the clergy combined, made it almost impossible to carry on a government. The United States, in pursuance of what is known as the Monroe doctrine, viewed with alarm the introduction on this continent of the monarchical system, and after their own "unpleasantness" was finished they demanded the withdrawal of Maximilian. In 1866 this demand was made and General Juarez, a full-blooded Indian and one of the cleverest men that Mexico ever produced, was encouraged to lead the revolutionary forces. Through the treachery of Col. Miguel Lopez, Maximilian and two of his generals were betrayed into the hands of the revolutionists, and it is the recent death of the traitor which has suggested this article. Universally execrated, for the past twenty-four years his life has been a miserable one. A couple of weeks ago he passed away and reminded those who are living of the fate of the cause which he originally espoused and so basely betrayed.

Maximilian was invited to surrender and Juarez guaranteed him his liberty if the two Mexican generals who were his comrades were delivered up to him. This offer of safety Maximilian refused, saying that he would die with those who supported him. In his last moments he was brave and cheerful. The illustration which heads this article is the copy of a painting showing his last moments. He was led out to execution and in his last words invoked a fervid blessing on the land which he had come to rule and which had decreed his death. With his death came the overthrow of clerical power, and while one cannot but sympathize with the brave but misguided man who perished twenty-four years ago, those who understand the state of the country must rejoice that liberty of conscience was established and the power of the people demonstrated by what seemed the cruel act of General Juarez, who thereupon became president.

The decree of death is defended by the declaration of Marshal Bazaine threatening death to all Mexicans taken in arms against the emperor. This decree inverted became a declaration of death to all found in arms against Mexico and the popular wish, and the brave archduke fell before the muskets of the Mexican soldiery, as many a brave man did before and has done since. The death of no one ever aroused the sympathy of the world more generally or more justly.

Von Moltke.



THE life of Von Moltke, looked at after his death, is in many respects an extraordinary one. Coming into the world contemporaneously with the birth of this eventful century, it was his lot to live through it until he had past the mile-stone of three score years and ten in a comparatively uneventful manner. He saw Napoleon in the zenith of his power, he saw his defeat and exile, he saw all the many changes which characterized the government of France after Napoleon's death. He saw the German Empire built up from a quarrelsome rabble of petty states. It was his lot to give Empire in France its deathblow and the Empire in Germany its life, and this after he had lived a man's usually allotted space. Many changes saw he on the map of Europe, all in the direction of a peace and unity among people of one race and language, and he has died at a time when for almost the first time in this century there is universal peace.

He was born in Denmark but was of German descent, the story of his Scotch ancestry being untrue. As a student Moltke laid the foundation of his linguistic achievements, which later on he developed in his travels in the different European countries till he became a linguist of almost unrivalled powers, speaking and writing with equal facility the German, English, French, Italian, Spanish, Romani, Turkish, Russian and Arabic languages.

Early in the year 1822 he entered the Prussian army as sub-lieutenant, and thence he has risen, step by step, till after having been on the general army staff for nearly sixty years, he resigned his position as chief less than two years ago.

The only recreation Count Moltke has ever allowed himself was an occasional trip abroad, and the Wanderbuch, Briefe aus Russland, and other volumes are the result of some of his journeyings, from which it appears that if Moltke had devoted himself to literature he would have obtained a high position amongst German men of letters. At the age of forty, when he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he distinguished himself during his campaigns in Asia Minor, and received a jeweled sword of honor from the Sultan of the Sublime Porte, and the proud distinction of the Prussian *ordre pour le merite.* Moltke married an English lady, Miss Burt, the daughter by a first marriage of his sister's husband. After a quarter of a century of happy married life the countess died on Christmas eve, 1868, leaving the childless widower almost crushed with silent grief. At the mausoleum among the trees at Kreisau lie the remains of the countess, and every morning the old count walked to that quiet spot where he also will rest, thinking, before he began the day's work, "the thoughts too deep for words." And in his simple bedroom there hangs a picture of a lady against the wall, and over it bends a small twig of fir, which was renewed from time to time, and this was another sign that the old man still kept the memory fresh, after twenty-two years, of the wife who was also a friend and a helper and on whose tomb the inscription is engraved, "Love is the fulfillment of the Divine Will."

Only two years after the death of his wife the Franco-German war broke out, and no sooner had the terrible words "Krieg, mobil" electrified the whole Prussian army than Moltke laid before the old king a complete plan of campaign, worked out to the minutest details. More silent than ever, but as clear-headed and calm as in the days of his prime, the septagenarian went to the seat of war and there, from his big black horse, telescope in hand, he watched the movements of the army with the same steady eye and motionless features with which he watched the figures on the chess-board when, in the evening, he sat down to his favorite pastime, listening to the music of Mozart and Schubert with the keen enjoyment of a connoisseur. In the terrible battles old King William might be depressed by the roar of the cannon and the sight of the dead and wounded; Bismarck might become uneasy and nervous when some unforeseen movement was made by the enemy; but Moltke never once lost his dignified composure, and watched with straining eyes, and grasped in a single second the slightest change in the aspect of affairs. Nothing could persuade him, on these occasions, to break his silence, though the eyes of the leaders of the army turned often beseechingly towards him. At last Bismarck hit upon a stratagem. He offered Moltke his cigar case and when the cigar was accepted and quietly lit, Bismarck knew that the great strategist's mind was at ease and that the day was won.

After the victory of Sedan and the defeat of the French the negotiations took place at the Chateau Donchery, commencing at ten o'clock that night. The French were represented by General Wimpffen and several other officers, among whom were General Faure, chief of the staff, and General Castelan, an adjutant of Napoleon's, who was specially commissioned to represent the imperial interests. When Moltke and Bismarck, with Podbielski and the other plenipotentiaries arrived, they found the French generals already at the chateau. One of the adjutants, Rittmeister Count Nostitz, was instructed to make a report of the conference. Wimpffen handed his credentials to Moltke and after mutual introductions they sat down, Moltke being Wimpffen's *vis-a-vis.*

For some minutes there was profound silence in the room. Wimpffen would have been glad if Moltke had taken the initiative, but the latter remained characteristically silent. Moltke had discussed the whole position with Bismarck on the way, and could form a fair idea of what propositions the French commanders could make.

Wimpffen may have had his misgivings on noticing the eloquent silence of Moltke but, recovering himself, he begged to be informed as to the nature of the conditions upon which the King of Prussia was willing to grant a capitulation.

Like a death-knell came Moltke's reply: "The entire French army to surrender arms and be made prisoners, including the officers."

Wimpffen thought these conditions too severe, when taking the bravery displayed by his countrymen into consideration, and proposed to give up Sedan with the surrounding batteries, if the army were allowed to leave the fortress with their guns, standards and baggage, on their promising not to resume arms against Prussia, retiring to Algeria or to some part of France which the conqueror should choose, until peace was concluded.

Moltke, however, remained inexorable.

It was eleven o'clock a.m. when the capitulation treaty was signed.

The war with France involved a political as well as a military campaign and in consequence was all the more difficult of successful execution. Germany must fail if France succeeded. Germany as an empire was impossible unless the empire of Napoleon was overthrown and the proclamation of the German empire at Versailles was a logical result of Moltke's victories.

Von Moltke then returned to his country estate of Kreisau, in Silesia, where he lived in retirement. He was all his life a man of simple faith and refined tastes, loving the beautiful melodies of his countrymen and the religion of his emperor. He loved peace but believed it to be a beautiful dream. War he thought was an institution of Providence and he said brought out all the best instincts of man, courage, love of country and fidelity to duty. People had wondered in reading his letters from St. Petersburg, written nearly fifty years before, how the lively gentleman who enjoyed life so thoroughly and described it so genially, who basked in the sunshine and abominated cold, who saw and sympathized equally with the emotion of an emperor and the needs of a beggar, who sang like a poet of the babbling brooks and drew like a painter the scenes of foreign lands, who swooned with rapture over the singing in the churches, who was full of quaint humor and did not disdain to criticize the ladies' dresses, could be the stern arbiter of war. And their wonder would have increased if they had seen him, more than ninety years old, at Kreisau, sitting sadly in the gray of the evening at the tomb of his wife and thinking of the days when they read his Letters from Turkey side by side.

The Late Archbishop of York.

The late Right Rev. William Connor Magee, D.D., who died a fortnight ago, and whose portrait is here given, was long famous for the liberality of his views and the broadness of his character. For many years he was Bishop of Peterborough, and it was under this title that he became famous. His Irish wit and epigrammatic sayings made him always popular, and his remark that he "would sooner see Englishmen free than sober" has become a byword.

He was born at Cork in 1821, son of a clergyman, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, gaining a scholarship and subsequent university degrees, prizes and honors. Having taken orders, he held a curacy in Dublin, but ill health obliged him to retire for two years to Malaga, in the south of Spain. On his return to England he became curate, and incumbent afterwards, of St. Saviour's church, Bath, and next of the Octagon chapel in that city. The Bath Church Defence Society, organized to withstand the Disestablishment agitation of the Liberation Society, obtained an able advocate in Dr. Magee, whose lecture on The Voluntary System and the Established Church was circulated widely. His published sermons on Christ the Light of all Scripture, The Gospel and the Age, and The Church's Fear and the Church's Hope were much admired. The honorary rank of Prebendary of the Cathedrals of Bath and Wells was conferred on Dr. Magee, and in 1860 he left Bath for London, succeeding Dean Goulburn as minister of Quebec chapel, but was soon appointed to the rectory of Enniskillen by the University of Dublin. In 1864 he became Dean of Cork, and Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin. He was Donnellan Lecturer to his University in 1865 and 1866, an appointment similar to the Bampton Lectureship at Oxford. When in London he was occasionally Select Preacher at St. Paul's, at Westminster Abbey, and at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; he also preached before the Queen at Windsor. His sermons at the Norwich meeting of the British Association of Science in 1888 on The Christian Theory of the Origin of the Christian Life, and at the Dublin Church Congress of that year, a sermon entitled The Breaking Net, attracted much public notice. It was in 1868, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Jeune, that Dr. Magee was made Bishop of Peterborough, and he appeared in the House of Lords as an eloquent opponent of the Disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. Sermons, episcopal charges, and theological treatises bear testimony for his controversial ability, and he was ever active in the many ways open to a prelate of the Church of England.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

From Illustrated London News.

In January last he was appointed by Lord Salisbury to the vacant office of Archbishop of York, a position which is socially second only to that of members of the Royal family.

Art and Artists.

IN the *Century Magazine* for the current month there is an interesting departure in the reproduction of a large number of artists' sketches and scraps, and a short article on exhibitions of such work. Of a similar character will be the exhibition of the Toronto Art Students' League which takes place on May 22, 23, 25 and 26. It will take place in the club's rooms, in the Imperial Bank Building, and will be free for all the world. Though the membership does not include such great names as those whose sketches are published in the *Century*, the members are confident of showing work which will compare favorably with them. A special feature will be the exhibit of the N. D. S. L. branch, which mystic characters, on being interpreted mean, Not a Day without a Single Line. Toronto people at all interested in such matters should not miss this most interesting event.

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On Monday next the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists will be held. I have seen the proofs of the catalogue, which is a genuine work of art. It is bound in boards in two shades of green with gold lettering and an emblematic device in dark green on a light background. The covers are tied with green and rose-colored ribbons and the lithograph illustrations are in many cases beautiful, the letter press is in splendid shape and altogether it is a most beautiful souvenir.

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By the way, it was stated in error in these columns a fortnight or so ago that the catalogue of the Woman's Art Club Exhibition was the first illustrated catalogue that had been published in Toronto. I now find that several years ago the Ontario Society had an illustrated catalogue which, however, was not a shining success.

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A New York friend writes that "Mr. G. A. Reid's painting, The Other Side of the Question, is now on exhibition at the Academy of Design, New York. It occupies the place of honor on the south wall, being hung in the center of the line. The Other Side of the Question ranks among the best pictures on the walls and is a source of considerable pride to all Canadian visitors to the exhibition." At the same exhibition Mrs. M. E. Dignam's picture, English Wild Flowers, attracts much favorable comment and has been purchased by the famous sculptor now at work on the Beecher monument, John Quincy Adams Ward.

CHAD.

Books and Magazines.

The *Atlantic* for May concludes the late W. D. O'Connor's powerful story The Brazen Android. Mr. Stockton continues his amusing serial, The House of Martha, and Miss Jewett's story, A Native of Winby is told in her inimitable manner. Some leaves from An Unpublished Journal of the late R. H. Dana describes the Grand Canal of China. Mr. W. P. Andrews publishes a second paper on Goethe's Key to Faust and Mr. Francis Parkman concludes his account of the Capture of Louisbourg. There are many other papers of almost equal interest and the two departments of Book Reviews and Contributors' Club are enjoyable as ever.

Scribner's Magazine for May contains important articles in two notable illustrated series—the first of The Great Streets of the World, and the second of the Ocean Steamship articles. A. B. Frost has made eighteen drawings for the Broadway article, which are as complete an interpretation of the varied life of that thoroughfare as Richard Harding Davis' picturesque and vivid text. The May number is noteworthy in fiction, containing the conclusion of the much-praised serial, Jerry, and the first of a two-part story, An Alabama Courtship, by F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale"), the author of Guernsdale, and First Harvests. In addition there are two complete short stories—A Fragment of a Play, by Mary Tappan Wright, who wrote that weird tale, A Truce; and A Toledo Blade, by T. R. Sullivan, author of The Lost Rembrandt and other short stories which have appeared in this magazine. There are also a short illustrated article by E. H. House, on the Japanese Temples of Ise, which for nearly two thousand years have been re-created in every detail, at intervals of twenty years; a carefully prepared paper on Shakespeare as an Actor—a phase of his career which is generally overlooked; and a brief and amusing essay on Dream-Poetry, with curious examples of verses composed in dreams. The frontispiece is A. B. Frost's faithful sketch of the crowded Twenty-third street crossing of Broadway where it is intersected by Fifth avenue.

Messrs. Williamson & Co. have published a pamphlet by Mr. Quetton St. George on Horse-breeding in Canada. Hardly sufficient space is devoted to the Trotting Horse, which is and must continue to be the best line for breeding purposes in Canada. The object of the writer is good, however. He makes a plea for the breeding of better stock and the doing away with the "scrub" stallions scattered in such great numbers over Ontario.

A Bar of Melody.

By Marjory MacMurchy.

The morning breeze from the lake lingered on the shady western veranda of the hotel. The dewy freshness that it had borne at dawn had been quite driven away by the sun, but there was not a more pleasant spot round or near Lake House than the western veranda. That was why Mrs. Bewick and Mrs. Erroll were sitting there just then as they had been every morning that summer. Mrs. Erroll was knitting some lace after the pattern that she had learned from Mrs. Hoffner, the lady who knew so many new things in the way of fancy work. Mrs. Erroll had been remarking on this to Mrs. Bewick. "Quite wonderful, my dear, I assure you."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bewick, turning a page of her novel, "no doubt there is good reason for it."

Mrs. Bewick possessed in a remarkable degree the art of conveying hidden meanings in words which seemed to mean nothing. "Do you really think so? I had not dreamed of that," said Mrs. Erroll, glancing with admiration at her friend.

They had gone to school together long ago and knew each other as women do under these circumstances. No one could discern Mrs. Bewick's dark sayings as Mrs. Erroll could.

Mrs. Bewick herself never did fancy work of any kind. If her hands did not hold a book, as was generally the case, they were lying clasped or folded in her lap. Her feet rested on a cushion and a handsome shawl or rug was thrown across her knees. Besides these, one or two more cushions, a silver smelling bottle, a scented lace handkerchief and a pair of handled eye glasses were elegantly disposed near her.

"There they are again!" exclaimed Mrs. Erroll after an interval of silence.

Mrs. Bewick laid down her novel and raised her eye glasses. A young lady and gentleman came through the wide hall and walked leisurely down the steps.

Neither lady spoke but watched them intently until they were a short distance from the hotel.

"Very devoted," murmured Mrs. Erroll with a slight sneer. "I suppose it will be announced soon."

"How afraid she is of getting sunburnt! I have not seen her leave the house this summer, except in the evening, without a pair of gloves on and her parasol up."

"She would burn dreadfully if she didn't, she is so fair."

"But without any color. Just like her mother, you remember."

"Yes; always looks washed out."

"Her hair as well. I never liked that pale gold color."

"Nor I; and I'm sure I don't see how anyone can admire her mouth. And she nearly always dresses in black."

"She knows how to dress. She understands perfectly what shows her off best."

"Don't you think she's too thin?"

"Yes, but for all that she's a pretty girl."

"Oh, decidedly so—quite the best-looking here this summer."

"I consider it outrageous the way they have behaved."

"Quite a new thing for Mildred Lacy, but I suppose her head was turned by his admiration, like every other girl has been."

"Ah, yes! Do you remember what happened three years ago?"

"About Alice?—yes, indeed."

The ladies glanced uneasily about them and lowered their voices.

"They say it was dreadful the way she went on afterwards."

"Did you ever hear exactly how it happened?"

"Yes, Mrs. Dewar told me herself."

"They said it was consumption."

"Of course. They had to say something."

Mildred Lacy and George Fellis had reached the wharf by this time. He sprang lightly into a boat and after making it ready stood looking up with his arms extended to lift her down.

Mildred seemed to object for a moment and so they stood in full view of the ladies on the western veranda.

"Mildred and Alice used to be great friends."

"Yes, I suppose she has forgotten."

"I call it indecent," said Mrs. Bewick, shutting her glasses with a snap. "I wonder what my mother would have said if I had gone rowing with a young man whose arms were bare up to his shoulders."

"I should think so; but he's so handsome, I don't blame the girl altogether."

"Not now, but something may happen yet."

"Do you think so?"

"I do. Did you ever know George Fellis stay in love with the same girl longer than one season?"

They were seated in the boat now, and George leaning forward with his eyes fixed on Mildred's face, said:

"Where shall we go?"

"Up the river, it's insufferably hot on the lake."

"And the glare would hurt your lovely eyes and burn your pretty skin."

He laughed, showing his white teeth.

"Of course," said Mildred, "I thought of that, and there happens to be water lilies up the river which you promised to get for me."

Her voice lingered on "promised" as if she would call his attention to it, and lifting her downcast eyes she looked full into the handsome face in front of her.

He flushed slightly and bent still nearer her.

"I always keep my promise to you."

"So far," she said, laughing lightly.

"And always will. Try me and see."

She looked at him again. "I am afraid," she said and dropped her eyes.

"So you should be of me Mildred."

She blushed faintly and tried to hide it by pulling down her parasol.

He laughed and taking the oars began to row with long, easy strokes.

Mildred leant back against her white shawl and watched the shore they were passing from under cover of her parasol, with now and then a glance at the rower in the boat beside her.

The muscles played underneath the smooth brown skin. His arms were strongly moulded. His neck was firm and round. The dark hair fell over his forehead and almost met thick black brows. His eyes never left her face. She must feel that long, ardent gaze, but the girl never flinched, did not seem to notice it.

The boat neared a little cove and all at once when they reached the shadow of the cove, a silent, shady stream. Unlike the lake the water was brown and still. Where the sun beams touched the surface they quivered down in golden lights till they were lost in the brown depths. Trees grew on either side close to the water's edge and flung long, drooping branches over the stream.

George Fellis rowed more slowly. Mildred shut her parasol and laid it across her lap. She wore long, yellow gloves that wrinkled and folded round her wrists and were drawn over the sleeves of her dress. The soft glove around them lighted up her pensive face and played lovingly on her hair. Round the bend of the stream the sharp, narrow bow of the boat cleft its way and they were floating in a pond studded with the floating pads of water-lilies. George shot the boat close to the bank and, dropping his oars, plunged his arms into the water. White cup after cup with the heart of gold he pulled and flung into the boat.

"Here's the best yet; fasten that in your dress, Mildred."

The long, twining coiling stems lay in the bottom of the boat. They had drifted under a bough covered thick with leaves. The end of the bough touched the water and the tiny, rippling waves from the boat made the leaves play and dip in the stream. The water shone green with the shadows from the trees and the lily pads. Soft, golden green lights filtered through the branches overhead.

The quiet stream and the silent woods were musical with such sounds as the tinkle of falling water, the twitter of contented birds and the plash of something falling into the river or the tap of something dropping in the woods.

George Fellis stopped pulling the lilies, and clasping his hands idly in front of him, again fixed his eyes on Mildred's face.

She had fastened the lily he had given her in her dress, and now she held another in her hand. As she touched the petals with delicate fingers she began to hum a wandering air.

"That's a pretty thing. What is it? It seems to me that I have heard it before."

"I shouldn't wonder," she said, and lifted the first few bars. "Do you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Do you remember Sweet Alice?"

He drew down his black brows and looked at her heavily, but she played with the lily and did not even look up.

It was too gentle a face to cover any evil design, he thought.

"You ask if I have got on very nicely this summer, Mildred."

She looked up now and lifted her brows in astonishment.

"Why, of course. What else should we do? Do you want to quarrel?"

"I shall never want to quarrel with you."

"Don't be too sure," she laughed, playing with the lily and breaking again into half-murmured song. "Do you remember——"

"Never mind that lily, give it to me and stop singing, I want to talk to you."

He bent forward and caught her hand. "Give me the lily, Mildred."

"No, it's spoilt, I've handled it too much, good-bye lily." With a quick turn of her wrist she threw it into the quiet water.

"You must always do what I tell you," he said, shaking her hand slightly.

"Of course," she answered with a glance.

"Mildred, do you love me?"

"Why do you want to know?" she asked coyly.

"I need hardly ask, need I?" he said, laughing and bending towards her.

"No," she answered, softly.

"Mildred," he said and caught her hands.

She turned away her face and sang softly, Do you Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?

"Stop that, be quiet," and he flung her hands from him.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Yes."

"Then we'd better go back. It's time anyway. I promised to be back when the noon boat came in."

He looked sullen and sulky.

"Well, you won't then, I am not going to row you."

"Very well, land me and I will walk."

"No, I won't."

With a sudden shove they were in the middle of the stream and began to drift down with the lazy current. She sat and looked at him silently, holding him quiet with the spell of her eyes.

"Aren't you going to speak to me again?" she said softly. "Here's a lily for you."

She held it out with a mocking smile. He took it and pressed it to his lips.

"Mildred, what kind of a ring would you like to have?"

"You have selected one often enough to know."

"Confound you! You are a witch," he cried and began to row rapidly.

When they reached the lake and flashed into the sudden sunshine he dropped his oars and said:

"How pretty you are, Mildred. I couldn't half see back there. Give me a kiss."

"Keep back," she said. How hard her voice sounded!

"It's hard lines if a fellow can't kiss the girl he's engaged to."

"All the other girls have let you, I suppose, but I'm not engaged to you."

He stared at her.

"Not engaged to me! What do you mean?"

"What I say. I am not engaged to you nor am I going to be."

"Why not?"

"Because I am engaged to a gentleman whom you do not even know."

"For the matter of that I am engaged, too," he said, braggingly.

"I have no doubt. Do you always use the same ring? It must be very expensive to buy a new one every time."

"What a sharp tongue you have, Mildred," he said, laughing uneasily. "I'll buy you any kind of a ring you want."

"You are very generous."

"You aren't engaged to anyone else. You can't fool me. Why you must marry me. What would people say?"

"That I wouldn't have you, that there was one girl who could live without loving you, that she had met your reward at last."

His face was crimson. On the hot noontide air came the pulsing of a steamer making for the wharf ahead of them.

"You never wore a ring."

"I did not."

"Why I'd like to know?"

"Because I did not want you to know that I was engaged."

"Very honorable that."

"I did not think you had enough honor to see it."

He smiled at her and then leaned forward and laid his hand on hers.

"I am awfully fond of you, Mildred, I am really, and people would talk so."

"Don't touch me. Honor or not I've done what I wanted to. Who are you to talk of honor? Do you remember Alice Dewar? That's why I did it. You killed her. She was like a sister to me."

Her eyes flashed fire at him. He sat trembling with rage.

"I despise you. Marry *you!*" she laughed a short hard laugh.

He stared at her and said nothing.

"Row me to the wharf."

"Not much."

"The people on the steamer have their glasses out watching us."

He glanced over his shoulder, took the oars and rowed savagely.

"Do you remember sweet Alice?" She sang over and over again with a placid face and smiling lips.

"Stop," he muttered, stop, I'll make you."

"How! I can swim if you throw me into the water and all the people on the wharf can see."

They reached the wharf. A gentleman who seemed to be waiting for them took the rope and fastened it. How Mildred's eyes were shining! Her cheeks were flushed.

"Come," he said, holding out his hand.

She sprang out lightly.

"Here's a lily for you," she said, pulling the one from her dress.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Fellis," she called back to him smiling, and walked away towards the hotel leaving George in the boat.

He gathered up the lily pads and buds and threw them into the water. One of the stems twined around his hand and touched his arm. He threw it off with a curse. It was like the touch of a timid cold hand. It fell into the water with a splash and the ripples rippled into the shape of a face, that face that he saw so often.

"Do you remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Do you remember Sweet Alice?" rang in his ears, and a plaintive voice that went with the face kept saying, "George, dear George."

"So she was engaged after all," said Mrs. Bewick lifting her glasses. "I shouldn't wonder if——"

"Yes, indeed, I think so too. You remember they were great friends."

SHE STILL PLAYED WITH THE LILY AND DID NOT EVEN LOOK UP.

How the Spook got its Work In.

About midnight on the 20th of April, 1883, Dr. Howland, a physician of San Francisco, suddenly awoke and was surprised to see the form of a man by his bedside. He rose to a sitting posture and asked the intruder what he wanted, though not without some misgivings. The midnight intruder of his chamber was a tall, slim person. By the light of the moon the doctor could see that his features were sharp and his hair black. His eyes shone with a strange luster and the whole face bore a resemblance in the imperfect light that sent a chill over Dr. Howland. "I am H. Harder," said the intruder, smiling. It was anything but a comforting reply to the doctor. A stranger appearing by his bedside at midnight and bearing a great resemblance, as far as the darkness would allow, to H. Harder, and declaring himself to be that person, when H. Harder had been dead a week!

He overcame all fears, however, and replied: "H. Harder is dead. What do you want? You are an impostor."

"I am dead," replied the figure. "Heaven, what a death I had! You shall know suffering as I know it. It was your fault."

The doctor had edged over to the other side of his bed and, letting a hand fall over the edge to the ground, had grasped one of his heavy shoes. With all his strength he brought his hand round and hurled it at the head of the intruder and he saw, as it left his hand, that his aim was good. Then he heard it crash against the wall at the other side of the room. Merciful God! It had passed through his head! Another cold chill shook him from head to foot, but he overcame his fears. He said nothing. He struggled and fell back in a deep slumber.

When he awoke it was pitch dark and he was cold. His limbs were stiff, as though he had lain a long time and the bed was hard and uncomfortable. He tried to turn over. Heavens! Some board was above him! He couldn't. What was the meaning of this? He felt with his hands on either side. They, too, encountered a board. He shuddered. A strange fear crept over him. He felt again, tried to rise again, with the same result. Frantically in agony he struggled and a cold sweat broke out all over him. Then he lay back again, panting and trembling like an aspen leaf. His heart throbbed like an engine. He was powerless with horror as the awful truth suggested itself to him.

He was buried alive! Above him was six feet of soil! Great drops of perspiration rolled off him as he set his arm against the smooth roof and pushed. It was glass. It broke and he felt the damp earth. Then he fainted.

He opened his eyes. They encountered the gaze of the lustrous black orbs of his chamber's midnight intruder. By the clock at the other side of the room he saw that he had been asleep but a few moments. A cold sweat was all over him. He felt exhausted as from violent physical exertion.

"You have suffered what I suffered," said the demon, "and you shall suffer again. Fifty times you shall bear what I bore. In my coffin when I woke I swore that when my spirit was freed I would return to earth, seek out the man who was to blame for my being buried alive and make him suffer fifty times. I have returned. You are the man who pronounced me dead. You signed my death certificate. Though I disappear from sight, yet I am present. You will not see me again, but you will feel—you will feel."

The figure faded. Gradually objects at the other side of the room became visible through it, and soon it was gone. The doctor sprang from his bed, his eyes wild with terror, and throwing open the window looked out into the calm moonlight. Was it all a dream! Heavens, how real it had been!

Have you ever visited the asylum at Stockton? Have you ever passed along the many corridors and seen the wild, mad faces look out from behind iron bars—seen the imprisoned souls look out through wild eyes that are expressionless or expressive of horror—the windows of overthrown minds? If you have you cannot fail to have noticed a small, classical-looking man, whose face bears a set expression of horror. His thin features tell of his suffering. He is always struggling with some imaginary terror. He shrieks wildly as if in intense agony, and often falls to the floor in a fit. Sometimes days pass and he appears all right. Then suddenly a look of unutterable terror comes over him and one of his fits begins. In his calmer moments he looks at one pleasingly and begs piteously to be killed and put out of his suffering. His case is said to be hopeless, and he will soon expire in one of his awful fits. That man is Dr. Howland.

How to Get a Cheque Cashed.

First get your cheque. Then, if you are so unfortunate as to find yourself in a place where you have not a bosom friend who is on equal and intimate terms with the bankers:

Perform some startling deed to bring your name to public notice;

Upon the strength of which secure an introduction to the teller or cashier;

Through whom procure admission to the banker's family, and if possible marry his daughter;

And finally, bring letters of introduction and what available friends and relatives you may have to testify to your habits of honesty, industry and sobriety; and if your man is a good-natured fellow and happens to be in a happy mood he may give you your money—for a consideration.—*Puck.*

The Darwinian Boy.

In New York there is a fourteen-year-old boy of a very studious and scientific turn of mind who has lately been reading Darwin. Not only has he espoused the doctrines of the great thinker, but he has gone over to them with the whole of him—gone over so completely that he won't make a friend out of one of his schoolmates who doesn't profess the same utter faith in the evolutionary doctrine.

But a few days ago he came home from an entertainment at the house of a friend in great wrath as to his own mind and with the wrath of all his young brothers and sisters visited upon him. His sister, Edith, declared without reserve that he had "perfectly disgraced the whole family with his old Darwinian ideas.

"I just hate to go anywhere among boys and girls with Jamie, anyway," she explained: "he's so lofty and superior, and he says girls are no good. But I took him round last night and I introduced him to all the nice girls, and by and by I noticed that he didn't seem to be getting on with them very well, and so I just sneaked me up behind him when I saw Percy presenting him to a lovely girl, and, do you believe, that horrid prig, as soon as Percy went away, turned round and asked her if she believed the Darwinian theory, and she said she didn't know what it was, and he said 'I won't talk to a girl that doesn't know what the Darwinian theory is,' and walked away. And I found out afterward that he'd asked the same question of every girl just as soon as he was presented and——"

"And there wasn't one of 'em that knew enough to believe it," bawled out Jamie. "And I said a pack of girls was no good. Why, one of 'em asked me it it had anything to do with the grip, and another one thought it was about baseball!"

Ten years from now Master Jamie will know more than he does now. And he'll be steering away from the very girls who do know what the Darwinian theory is.

For Tulip Lovers.

The large, deep rose-colored flower with a rich, dark blue eye is the most beautiful tulip now in blossom, but the big double white tulips are decidedly the most fashionable. There are those who object to the odor of the tulip, but to the true tulip lover it is a faint but delightful perfume. Presently the tulips will be flowering out of doors and there will be people Goths enough to put forget-me-nots or other spring flowers among them. To all such let it be said that the stiff regularity which is the quantity brilliant charm of a tulip bed is entirely spoiled by undignified companions. If you care for tulips you must match them only with tulips, and before your plot, in full glory of sunshine, you will sit and gaze yourself dazzled.

To Be Locally Applied.

Wool—Bronson has gotten himself into a nice scrape; taken a contract to build a sewer, and doesn't know the first thing about the work.

Van Pelt—That's no matter; the loafers who will hang around will tell him how it should be done.—*Munsey's.*

Obliging.

The Baron—And can I assist, mademoiselle?

Miss Liberty—Certainly. Help me on with my rubbers. Never mind taking off your gloves, I don't care whether you soil the rubbers or not.—*Munsey's.*

A Reasonable Proposition.

Bragg (pomposaly)—Sir, I am a self-made man!

Flagg—I dare say. You look like the kind of a man you'd be apt to make.—*Life.*

Trouble Below.

Arch Imp.—These nineteenth century innovations threaten to ruin our business!

Ordinary Devil.—What is going wrong?

Arch Imp.—What novelties have we to show a man who comes to us from a crematory!—*Life.*

Unreasonable.

She—I really don't think it was nice of you to borrow money of papa so soon after we became engaged.

He (very surprised)—Why, you are the first girl who ever objected to it in all my experience!—*Munsey.*

Would Suit His Purpose.

Charitable Person (bestowing some clothing)—I'm sorry that overcoat is too small for you, but——

Bummy the Tramp—(eagerly)—No matter, boss; it's just as good to pawn!—*Puck.*

The Worm Turned.

"That was hard luck Sarah Bernhardt had the other day."

"What was it?"

"Why, in the last act of Cleopatra, her asp got angry and hissed at her till she had to leave the stage."—*Puck.*

Her Cruelty.

Miss Caustique—I hear you won the 440 yards run.

De Boaster—Oh, easily. The other fellows weren't in it.

Miss Caustique—Ah, you were the only one entered, I presume.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

THE CANADA Sugar Refining Co. Montreal. (Limited)

Redpath

We are now putting up, expressly for family use, the finest quality of PURE SUGAR SYRUP not adulterated with Corn Syrup, in 2 lb. cans with moveable top. For Sale by all Grocers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieves all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Big Lie.

(In Three Parts)—Part II.

BY THE LATE WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

"Twas a most beautiful and parfect plan, and all would ha' worked beautiful well but for one leetle oversight of mine. But I won't tell you about that part of the business yit, the more pretickularly as it leaked out for the very best, as you'll see in the end.

"I hedn't long finished my fixing when the sun suddenly tumbled down into the hardwood and the dark begun to creep in upon me, and a pretty cold dark it waur. I remember it well. My teeth began to chatter in my head, though I was building over with hard work at, all jest coming out of my hot eagerness to be captivating the birds.

"Well, Jedge, I hedn't to wait overlong. Soon I haird them coming, screaming fur away, and then I seed them pouring, jest like so many white clouds, straight down, I reckon, from the snow mountains off in Canniday.

"Down they come, millions upon millions, till I was sartin thar waur already nigh on to forty thousand in the lake.

"Well, thar they waur, forty thousand we'll say, with, it mout be, a few millions and hundreds over. And Lawd! how they played, and splashed, and screamed, and dived! I calkilated on hooking a good many of them divers, in pretickular, and I hedn't long to wait, neither. I thought I'd feel of my lines; and I begun, leetle by leetle, to haul in, when, Lawd love you, Jedge! sich a ripping and raging, and bouncing and splashing and flopping and slashing and kicking and screaming, you never did hear in all your born days!

"By this time I knowed that I had captivated the captains of the host, and a pretty smart chance, I reckoned, of the riglar army, ef 'twan't edzactly forty thousand! calkilated that some few would get away—run off—jest as the cowards always does in the army jest when the shooting and confusion begins; still I reasonably calkilated on the main part of the regiments; and so, gitting more hot and eager, and pulling and hauling, I made one big mistake, and, instid of wrapping the ends of my lines around the sapling that was standing jest behind me, what does I do but wraps 'em round my own thigh—the right thigh, you see—and some of the loops waur hitched round my left arm at the same time.

"All this come of my hurry and lxcitement, for it was burning like a hot fever in my brain, and I didn't know when or how I hed tied myself up, until suddenly, with an all-fired scream, all together, them forty thousand geese rose like a great black cloud in the air all tied up, tangled up—hooked about the legs, hooked about the gills, hooked and fast in some way in the beautiful leetle twistings of my net.

"Yes, Jedge, as I'm a living hunter to night, hyar a talking to you, they riz up all together, awa' fur hev' I consulted upon it, like a mighty thunder-cloud, and off they went, screaming and flouncing, meaning, I reckon, to take the back track to Canniday, in spite of the freezing weather.

"Before I knowed whar I was, jedge, I was twenty feet in the air, my right thigh up and my left arm, and the other thigh and arm dangling useless, and feeling every minit as ef they was gwine to drop off.

"You may be sure I pulied with all my m'ght, but that waur mighty leetle in the fix I was in, and I jest hed to hold on and see whar the infernal beasts waur a-carry me. I couldn't loose myself, and ef I could I was by this time quite too fur up in the air, and daran't do so, onless I was willing to hev my brains dashed out and my whole body mashed to a mammock.

"Thar I was dangling, like a dead weight, at the tail of that all-fired cloud of wild geese, head downward, and swine, the Lawd known whar! to Canniday, or Jericho, or some other heathen territory beyond the blue ridge, and, it might be, over the great eternal ocean.

"When I thought of that, and thought of the lines giving way, and that on a sudden I should come down plump into the big sea, fast in the middle of a great gathering of shirks and whales, to be devoured and tore to bits by their bloody grinders, I tell you, jedge, to die of skeer outright. I thought over all my sinnings in a moment, and I thought of my poor dear Merry Ann, and I called out her name, loud as I could, jest as of the poor gal could hyar me or help me.

"And jest then I cou'd see we waur a-drawing nigh a great thunder cloud, and I could see the red tongues running out of its black jaws; and 'Lawd!' says I, 'of these all fired infernal wild beasts of birds should carry me into that cloud to be burned to a coal, red hot and roasted, and biled alive by them red tongues of red fire.'

"But the geese fought shy of the cloud, though we passed mighty nigh on to it, and I could see one red streak of lightning run out of the cloud, and give us a shock as fur as a full hafe a mile; but it waur too fast for it, and, in a tearing passion bekaise it couldn't ketch us, the red streak struck its horns into a great tree jest behind us, that waur standing all over, and torn it into flinders in the twink of a musquito.

"But by this time I was beginning to feel quite stupid. I knowed that I waur fast gitting onsensible, and it did seem to me as ef my hour waur come, and I waur gwine to die—and die by rope, and dangling in the air, a thousand miles from the airth!

"But jest then I was roused up. I felt something brush agin me; then my face was stratched; and, on a sudden, thar was a stop put to my travels by that conveyance. The geese had stopped flying, and waur in a mighty great confusiteration, flopping their wings as well as they could, and screaming with all the tongues in their jaws. I waur clar to see now that we had run agin something that brought us all up with a short hitch.

"I was shook roughly agin the obstruction, and I put out my right arm and cotched a hold of a long arm of an almighty big tree; then my legs waur cotched betwixt two other branches and I rekivered myself, so as to set up a leetle and rest. The geese was a-tumbling and flopping among the branches. The net was hooked hyar and thar; and the birds waur all about me, swinging and splurging, but onable to break loose and git away.

"By leetle and leetle I come to my clar senses, and begun to feel my situation. The stiffness was passing out of my limbs. I could draw up my legs, and, after some hard work, I managed to onwrap the plough-lines from my right thigh and my left arm, and I hed the sense this time to tie the ends pretty tight to a great branch of the tree which stretched clar across and about a foot over my head.

"Then I begun to consider my situation. I hed hed a hard ridin', that was sartin, and I felt sore enough. And I hed had a horrid bad skeer, enough to make a man's wool turn white afore the night was over. But now I felt easy, bekaise I considered myself safe. Yes, jedge, I felt easy. I calkilated to let myself down from the tree by my plough-lines, and thar below, tied fast, warn't thar my forty thousand geese?

"'Hurrah!' I sings out. 'Hurrah! Merry Ann; we'll hev the "capital" now I reckon.'

"And, singing out, I draw'd up my legs and shifted my body so as to find an easier seat in the crutch of the tree, which was an almighty big chestnut oak, when O Lawd! on a sudden! the stump I hed been sitting on give way onder me. 'Twas a rotten jint of the tree. It gave way, jedge, as I tell you, and down I went, my legs first, and then my whole body—slipping down, not on the outside, but into a great hollow of the tree, all the hairt of it is bing eat out by the rust; and afore I knowed what I waur I waur some twenty foot down, I reckon; and by the time I touched bottom I was up to my neck in honey.

"It was an almighty big honey tree full of the sweet treacle, and the bees all gone and left it I reckon for a hundred years. And I in it up to my neck!

"I could smell it strong. I could taste it sweet. But I could see nothing.

"Lawd! Lawd! From bad to worse; buried alive in a hollow tree with never a chaince to git out! I would then ha' given all the world of I was only sailing away with them bloody wild geese to Canniday and Jericho, even across the sea, with all its shirks and whales devouring one.

"Buried alive! O Lawd! O Lawd! 'Lawd save me and help me!' I cried out from the depths. And, 'Oh, my Merry Ann!' I cried, 'still we meet in spirit, though I hev lost my weeping, jedge, but I feels all over the insaation, fresh as ever, of being buried alive in a honey tree and preserved in honey. I must liquor, jedge.'

"After refreshing himself with another draught, Sam proceeded with the story of his strange adventure:

"Only think of me, jedge, in my sitivation! Buried alive in the hollow of a mighty chestnut oak! Up to my neck in honey, with never no more an appetite to eat than of it waur the very gall of bitterness we reads of in the Scriptures!

"All dark, all silent as the grave, 'cept for the gabbling and the cackling of the wild geese outside, that never ceased, and that would make a great spiurging and cavorting, trying to break away from their hitch, which was jist as fast fixed as my own.

"Who would git them geese that hed cost me so much to captivate? Who would inherit my 'capital!' and who would hev Merry Ann! and what will become of Merry Ann, if the Mills fastened in the woods by the leetle lake!

"I cussed the leetle lake, and the geese, and all the 'capital.'

"I cussed. I couldn't help it. I cussed from the bottom of my hairt when I ought to ha' bin sayin' my prayers. And that was my poor mar' in the stable with never a morsel of feed. She had told tales upon me to Squaire Hopson, it's true, but I forgin her, and thought of her feed, and nobody to give her none. Thar waur corn in the crib and fodder, but it warn't in the stable; and onless Columbus Mills should come looking a'er me at the cabin, thar waur no hope for me or the mar'.

"O Jedge, you couldn't jedge of my sitivation in that deep hollow and cave, I may say, of mountain oak. My head waur jest above the honey, and ef I backed it to look up, my long ha'r at the back of the neck a'most stuck fast, so thick was the honey.

"But I couldn't help looking up. The hollow was a wide one at the top, and I could see when a star was passing over. Thar they shined, bright and beautiful, as if they waur the very eyes of the angels; and as I seed them come and go, looking smiling in upon me as deer come, I cried out to 'em, one by one:

"'Oh, sweet sperrits, blessed angels! ef so be thar's an angel sperrit, as they say, living in all these stars, come down and extricate me from this fix, for, so fur as I kin see, I've got no chaince of help from mortal man or woman. Hairdy! onat a year does a human come this way, and ef they did come how would they know I'm hyar? How could I make them hyar me?' I knowed I prayed like a heathen sinner, but I prayed as well as I could, bekaise I knew thar warn't a star passing over me that I didn't pray to soon as I seed them shining over the opening of the hollow; and I prayed fur' and faster as I seed them passing away and gitting out of sight.

"Well, jedge, suddenly, in the midst of my praying, jest after one bright, big star hed gone over me without seeing my sitivation, I hed a fresh skeer.

"Suddenly I haird a monstrous fluttering among my geese—my 'capital.' Then I haird a great scraping and scratching on the outside of the tree, and, suddenly, as I looked up, the mouth of the hollow was shet up.

"All was dark. The stars and sky waur all gone. Something black blocked the hollow, and, in a minute after, I haird something slipping into the hollow right upon me.

"I could haridly draw my breath. I begun to fear that I was so frightfully cocked alive; and I haird the strange critter slipping down I shoved out my hands and felt ha'r—coarse wool—and with one hand I cotched hold of the ha'ry leg of a beast, and with t'other hand I cotched hold of his tail.

"'Twas a great ha'r, one of the biggest, come to git his honey. He knowed the tree, jedge, you see, and ef any beast in the world loves honey it's the b'ar beast. He'll go to his death on honey, though the hounds are tearing at his very haunches.

"You may be sure, when I onst knowed that he waur, and onst got a good grip on his hind quarters, I warn't gwine to let go in a hurry. I knowed that was my only chaince for gitting out of the hollow, and I do believe them blessed angels in the stars sent that beast, jest at the right time, to give me human help and assistance.

"Now, you see, jedge, thar was no chaince for him turning round upon me. He pretty much filled up the hollow. He knowed his way, and slipped down, cend foremost—the latter cend, and, ef I warn't careful, I could scarce git up on his back and eat all he wanted. Then, with his great sharp claws and his mighty muscle, he could work up, holding on to the sides of the tree, and git out a'most as easy as when he come down.

"Now, you see, ef he weighed five hundred pounds, and could climb like a cat, he could easy carry up a young fellow that hed no flesh to spar', and only weighed a hundred and twenty-five. So I laid my weight on and let him off as well as I could, but held on to tail and leg as of all life and eternity depended upon it.

"Now I reckon, jedge, that b'ar was pretty much more skeered than I was. He couldn't turn in his shoes, and with something twisted to his ankles, and as he thought, I reckon, some strange beast fastened to his tail, you never seed beast more eager to git away, and git upward. He knowed the way I hed taken his claws in the rough sides of the hollow, hand over hand, jest as a sailor pulls a rope, and up he went. We hed, howsomever, not more than one slip-back, but, Lawd bless you! I never let go. Up we went, I say, at last, and I stuck fast as close to his haunches as deals sticks to a dead nigger. Up we went. I felt myself moving. My neck was out of the honey. My arms were free. I could feel the sticky thing slipping off from me, and a'ter a good quarter of an hour the b'ar was on the great mouth of the hollow; and as I felt that I let go his tail, still keeping fast hold of his leg, and with one hand I cotched hold of the outside rim of the hollow; I found it was no time to stop, and jest then the b'ar sat squat on the very edge of the hollow, taking a sort of rest a'ter his labor.

"I don't know what 't'was, jedge, that made me do it, I warn't a-thinking at all. I was only feeling and drawing a long breath. Jest then the b'ar sort o' looked round as ef to see what varmint it was a troubling him, when I gin him a mighty push, strong as I could, and his lost his balance and went over outside down cl'ar to the airth, and I could hyar his neck break, almost as loud as my gun.

"I drawed a long breath a'ter that, and prayed a short prayer; and, feeling my way all the time, so as to be more agin rotten branches, I got a safe seat among the limbs of the tree, and sot myself down, determined to wait tell broad daylight before I tuk another step in the business.

"And thar I sot. So fur as I could see, jedge, I was safe. I hed got out of the tie of the flying geese, and hedn't left my sitivation fore me, flopping now and then, and trying to extricate themselves; but they couldn't come it. They waur captivated, and so much 'capital' for Sam Snaffles.

"And I hed got out of the lion's den—that is, I hed got out of the honey-tree, and warn't in no present danger of being buried alive again. Tenanks to the b'ar, and to the blessed, beautiful angel sperrits in the stars that hed sent him thar seeking honey to be my deliverance from my captivation.

"And thar he lay, jest as quiet as of he waur a-sleeping, though I knowed his neck was broke. And that b'ar, too, was so much 'capital.'

"And I sot in the tree making my calkilations. I could see now the meaning of that beautiful young critter that come to me in my dreams. I was to hev the 'capital,' but I was to get it through troubles and tribulations and a mighty bad skeer for life. I never knowed the valley of 'capital' till now, and I seed the sense in all that Squaire Hopson told me, though he did tell it in a mighty spiteful sperrit.

"Well, I calkilated.

"It was cold weather, freezing, and though I had good warm clothes on, I felt monstrous like sleeping, from the cold only, though perhaps the tire and the skeer together hed something to do with it. But I was afeard to sleep. I knew what would happen, and a man has never his right courage on'tll daylight. I fou't agin sleep by keeping on my calkilation.

"Forty thousand wild geese!

"Thar warn't forty thousand edzactly—very fur from it—but thar they waur, pretty thick; and for one, I reckon I could git forty to sixty cents in all the villages in South Carolina.

"Thar was 'capital!'

"Then thar waur Merry Ann b'ar.

"Jedging from his strength in pulling me up, and from his size and fat in filling up that great hollow in the tree, I calkilated that he couldn't weigh less than five hundred pounds. His hite, I knowed, was worth twenty dollars. Then thar was the fate and tallow, and the biled meat, and the oil, and the billy boos, and makes b'ar's grease out of, to make chicken whiskers grow big enough for game-cocks. Then thar waur the meat, skinned, cleaned, and all; thar couldn't be much onder four hundred and fifty pounds, and whether I sold him as fresh meat or cured he'd bring me ten cents a pound at the least.

"Says I, 'That's capital!'

"'Then,' says I, 'thar's my honey-tree. I reckon there's forty to fifty thousand gallons in this hyar same honey-tree; and if I kain't git fifty to seventy cents a gallon fur it thar's no allegiance to Fi'rtidaty.'

"And so I calkilated through the night, fighting agin sleep, and thinking of my 'capital' and Merry Ann together.

"By morning I had calkilated all I hed to do and all I hed to make.

"Soon as I got a peep of day I was up and on the look-out.

"Thar all around me were the captivated geese critters. The b'ar laid down parfectly easy and waiting for the knife; and the geese, I reckon they were much more tired than me, for they didn't seem to hev the hairt for a single flutter, even when they seed me swing down from the tree among 'em holding on to my plough-lines and letting myself down easy.

"But first I must tell you, jedge, when I seed the first signs of daylight I had looked around me, Lawd bless me! what should I see but old Tryon Mountain with his great head lifting itself up in the east! And how I wish I could see the house and fairm of Columbus Mills; and as I turned to look a leetle south of that, thar was my own poor leetle log cabin standing quiet, but with never a smoke streaming out from the chimbley.

"'God bless them good angel sperrits,' I said, 'I ain't two miles from home!' Jest before I come down from the tree I knowed edzactly whar I waur. 'Twas only four miles off from the lake and where I hitched the mule of Columbus Mills close by the cart. Thar, too, I had left my rifle. Yet in my miserable fix, carried through the air by them wild geese, I did think I hed gone a'most a thousand miles toward Canniday.

"So as I got down from the tree I pushed off as a tree from a mountain, and, I tell you, I was sure of my b'ar and geese when I come back. The cart stood quiet enough. But the mule, having nothing to eat, was sharpening her teeth upon a bowlder, thinking she'd hev a bite or so before long.

"I hitched her up, brought her to my beetree, tumbled the b'ar into the cart, wrung the necks of all the geese that waur thar—many hed got away—and counted some twenty-seven hundred that I piled away atop of the b'ar.

"'Twenty-seven hundred!' cried the Big Lie and all the hunters at a breath. "Twenty-seven hundred! Why, Yaou, whenever you telled of this thing before you always counted them at three thousand one hundred and fifty!'

"Well, ef I did, I reckon I was right. I was sartinly right then, it being all fresh in my 'membrance; and I'm not the man to go back agin his own words.

"Well, jedge, next about the b'ar. Sold the hide and tallow for a fine market price; sold the meat, got ten cents a pound for it fresh—'twas most beautiful meat; sold the bones for the marrow; melted down the grease; sold fourteen pounds of it to the barber and apothecaries; got a dollar a pound for that; sold that hide for twenty dollars; and got the cash for everything.

"Well, I lim only say that a'ter all the selling—and I driv as I drive of day and night with Columbus Mills' mule and cart, and went to every street in all them villages—I hed a'most fifteen hundred dollars safe stowed away under the pillows of my bed, all in solid gold and silver.

"But I warn't done. Thar was my bee-tree. Don't you think I waur gwine to leave that honey; no, my darlint. I didn't beat the drum about nothing. I didn't let on to a soul what I was a-doing. They axed me about the wild geese, but I jest telled 'em on a wild goose chase; and 'twan't till I hed sold off all the b'ar meat and all the geese that I made ready to git at that honey. I reckon them bees must ha' been making that honey for a hundred years, and was then driv out by the b'ars.

"Columbus Mills will tell you; he axed me all about it; but though he was always my good friend, I never even telled it to him. But he knew how I made the cart; he knew I fellow as he is, and never said nothing more; and, quiet enough, without beat of drum, I bought up all the tight-bound barrels that ever brought whisky to Spartanburg and Greenville, whar they her the taste for that article strong; and, ef I say so, by day I went and as many barrels as the cart could hold and the mule could draw. I tapped the old tree—which was one of the oldest and biggest chestnut oaks I ever did see—down to the bottom, and drawed off the beautiful treacle. I was more than sixteen days about it, and got something over two thousand gallons of the purest, sweetest, yellowest honey you ever did see. I could haridly git barrels and jimmyjohns enough to hold it; I sold it fast, as we sold it, and gave a gallon, which was mighty cheap. So I got from the honey a matter of fourteen hundred dollars.

(To be Continued.)

A Rare Chance.

Lyon's photographic studio, cor. Yonge and Gerrard streets, are now making a remarkable offer to the public. They are going to their patrons with each dozen cabinet pictures a large 4x6 crayon of elegant workmanship absolutely free. The features of the work done by Messrs. Lyon & Co., are the artistic poise and satisfactory expression.

In the Midst of the Fight.

Mrs. S.—They say a man never marries his first love.

Her Hubby—He can't; it would be polygamy. —*Life.*

Take the Picturesque Erie Railway to New York.

Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Ethel.—Yes; the answer to Robby.

Robert and Spratt.—Quotations are not studied.

Nellie, Kingston.—Miss Paton, Golden Lion, King street, Toronto.

Bee, Vic and Pet.—If you wish a fair delineation you must send a better study. A sentence of half a-dozen words has little to give me.

Kind Owl.—Writing shows generosity, susceptibility, candour, some perseverance, not much determination. It isn't a cultured hand and not very well developed, but so far as it goes is satisfactory.

Tony.—Writing shows fun and love of society, some frankness, sympathy, strong feeling, lack of reserve and caution to deal. Some generosity and persistence, not much culture nor love of things artistic.

Carbonne.—You are bright, hopeful, content, true, impulsive, a little temperous, but on the whole lovable and earnest. No. 1 have no space for photo delineations. I have hundreds of graphological studies awaiting a chance to be inserted now.

Morgan.—Equanimity of temper, kindness, love of conversation, hopefulness, some love of fun, cautious business capacity, your impulses are always upward and your ideals high, but a strong flavor of earthliness is discernible in your practice. You have great proportion and some individuality.

J. E. L.—Writing shows uncultivated emotional force, great sequence of ideas, mental equilibrium, a happy, popular, careless nature, not very self-sacrificing, but sympathetic and affectionate. Shortly the writer might be a very clever student; rather taken up with whatever he or she has in hand.

Hen.—Writing shows strong impulse, vivacity, some artistic taste, tenacity, thoroughness, truth, impatience, some temper, but a strong sense of self-control is. Your heart lies on your sleeve for every daw to peck at. You are a little suspicious of daws in general, and rather reserve your affection for a very few.

Galt, Ont.—Writing shows generosity, originality, decision, some temper, but not irritability, lack of sympathy and tact, want of perseverance, perhaps little too much love of exaeration, even about your own importance. This need not imply conceit, being sometimes due to morbid self-consciousness. The study is very meagre.

His Annie.—Some liberality of thought, rather fine perception, great sense of justice, a little optimism, humanity, lack of the softer cousins, sympathy, ideality and intuition are wanting. You could hardly be more upright, but you might be more generously considerate. You have a great respect for your true and unadorned reliability and should dearly like to decorate it with some perfectly feminine frills.

Dick.—Writing shows great affect'on, some intuition, not much perseverance or tenacity, impulsive judgment, some prejudice, curiosity. I think you are prone to exaggerate a little and have little patience to allow for your friends' shortcomings. You would be very companionable and pleasant, and no doubt popular. You have an original way of regarding people and things, and in life's processes you like to take a leading position.

L'Enfant Gate.—Writing shows some artistic taste, self-esteem, originality, great belief, mirthfulness and some intuition, a fondness for extravagance, probably in speech, but perhaps also in ideas and plans, great vivacity and nervous energy, but lacking constancy and tenacity. A mercurial nature probably given to erratic impulse, generous, candid and sympathetic. Somebody would have their hands full to look after you, spoiled child!

Jessica E.—Yes; but surely you earnak from the accusation. I think your writing sufficiently formed for a study. It shows want of artistic taste and lack of symmetry, some caprice and dissimulation. You are kind and affable, but narrow and chary of your affection. I almost think you are a little selfish, though probably you won't allow it. You have strong opinions and individuality, and I want you to cultivate sweetness and considerateness, because your character is worth rounding to perfection.

Amber.—I am glad you were'nt in such a hurry as some of said and answered. Some people need not wait until the end of June. To your question as to sex and appearance I must answer, Try and discover for yourself. Your writing shows any amount of sociability, love of change and fun, some originality, a little williness and unreasonableness, but a kindly heart underneath. You are given to praise or blame with great vehemence, and your judgment is not reliable. You are a little nervous and fretful, and to be indolent, but on occasion you are full of zeal and energy.

Cabbage.—A very similar study to Cabbage.—I am sure you are relations. This study shows a character built on larger lines than the other, the traits are the same, but broader and more developed. You are a little more earnest and careful nature. May is the only month concerned unless, I know of no reason for the idea of inconsistency as it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. November isn't often chosen. September or October are advised by some of your opinion is worth asking. June is really the most agreeable to my taste. The days usually chosen are Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Wednesday having the preference.

Saxe.—Writing shows some ideality and artistic taste, strong temper, though generally self-controlled and reserved in manner, great optimism, love of fun and enjoyment of congenial companionship—a tenacity and endurance that quite surprises you though a tough plant, and which, combined with your very marked nervous energy, makes lines in your idiosyncrasy. Hope please me. They behave as one night say. You can live a very happy life, Saxe, if you keep the balance true. I haven't many studies which I like as well as your own. I am sure you are right, on the evidence of your writing. The enclosure shall have consideration in the columns. I think you for it, whether it is applied as you suggest or not.

Wattie L. Gibson.—You are very decided, and obstinate when once you have formed a conclusion. Nothing has a more earnest and careful nature. May is the only month considered unlucky, since I know the idea of inconsistency as it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. November isn't often chosen. September or October are advised by some of your opinion is worth asking. June is really the most agreeable to my taste. The days usually chosen are Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Wednesday having the preference.

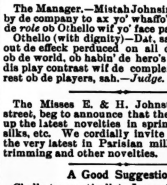
Saxe.—Writing shows some ideality and artistic taste, strong temper, though generally self-controlled and reserved in manner, great optimism, love of fun and enjoyment of congenial companionship—a tenacity and endurance that quite surprises you though a tough plant, and which, combined with your very marked nervous energy, makes lines in your idiosyncrasy. Hope please me. They behave as one night say. You can live a very happy life, Saxe, if you keep the balance true. I haven't many studies which I like as well as your own. I am sure you are right, on the evidence of your writing. The enclosure shall have consideration in the columns. I thank you for it, whether it is applied as you suggest or not.

Wattie L. Gibson.—You are very decided, and obstinate when once you have formed a conclusion. Nothing has a more down you turn them about? Your temper is uncertain, and your emotions strong, you are impatient of control, erratic in action, open-hearted and frank. The way you have of crossing your t's, Wattie, put my graphological knowledge to pleasure and I have to accept them. The short and honesty of your nature is too precious to be overcome and warped, and I know you will be successful in life whatever you begin. I hope you will begin well (over again if necessary), but I don't believe you are, as you try to tell me, so very bad, after all! In that you showed the lack of tact you evince by your writing.

Auburn Mary.—1. Writing shows some ideality, and perseverance, great independence and enterprise, justice, honor, administrative ability, some mirthfulness, but tinged with a shade of sadness. You are anxious to do well, and like others to commend you. 2. Not having surroundings or circumstances it is difficult for me to advise you. Do you like teaching? If so you might get up a little class and educate music with your own hoy. In some parts of the States, persons independent as you, go at this time among their friends and take orders for summer preserving. So many quarts and pints of such and such canned fruit, jelly and jam. The jars are sent to you when you fill them. You have your own time and make the jam, etc. You charge for materials, your time and your fuel, and if you get orders enough it will pay you well. If you have any special excellence in canning cheesecakes, wine jellies or cordials, you might get orders also for these. I have a friend who does very well in this way. And she is not thought the less of that she helps to "make the wheels go round."

Iris.—Tennyson is responsible. Delsartean ideas are somewhat of a socialistic order, are they not? Read this quotation from a Delsartean scrap book. It clamours for a common ground: "This awakening of the sense of art, this increased sensibility to beauty—this new Renaissance—shall we call it—that we are witnessing, is, at this time, that has been slowly and silently growing these last ten or twenty years—what is its meaning? Can it be merely owing to the increase of riches? The uniformed possession of riches generally results in the smothering of the sense of art in luxury and vulgarity. No! I believe this awakening search for beauty to be but a part of another movement—a rising wave on the earth of aspiration for a fuller, freer, more human, sympathetic and beautiful, if simple life. A life now for the first time coming within the bounds of society for the mass, so many and more knowledge of art and nature and refinement becomes diffused, and, united in community of interest a command of the resources of material of life, the prospect of the much become one kindred together." Your writing shows individuality, some earnestness, undirected effort, lack of deductive judgment, no intuition, some affection, apt perhaps to stray from one object to another without sufficient cause. You haven't much buoyancy nor *esprit*, and are very hard to convince.

Coontown Amateur Theatricals.



The Manager.—Mistah Johnsing, I is deputed by de company to ax yo' whaffo' yo' appeah in de *role* ob Othello wif yo' face painted white?

Othello (in dignity)—Dat, sah, am to carry out de effeck perdiced by de great stages ob de world, ob habin' de hero's complexion in dis play contrast wif de complexion ob all de rest ob de players, sah.—*Judge.*

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Mabel (innocently)—Why don't you commit suicide.—*Life.*

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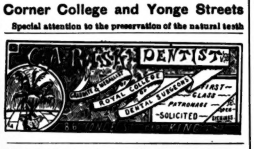

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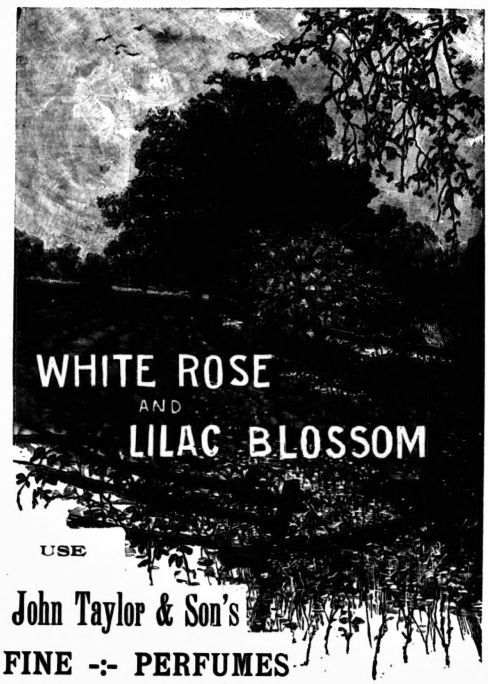

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MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

Fathers - - and - - Mothers

Maybe that boy of yours would be the better of a new suit of clothes? If so, no better place than this to supply the want.

With stock large and styles the newest, selection should be easy here.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West TORONTO

Cor. Hackney Street

WITHOUT DOUBT

Our new premises are the most commodious for business purposes of any in the city. Our stock is the most complete in every department of Housefurnishings, and contains all the latest modern improvements in Refrigerators, Kitchen Ranges, Copper, Tin and Brass Goods, Electro-plated Ware, Lamp Goods, Cutlery and Fancy Goods, and as we have now plenty of floor space we can promise punctuality in filling all orders.

It is only necessary to draw attention to the fact that our new establishment is situated (though not on what is called the main streets) in the most public and best known locality in Toronto, being directly opposite the Grand Opera House, Adelaide Street West, only a few doors from Yonge Street, and as the firm is as well and favorably known it only requires the name of

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 and 10 Adelaide Street West

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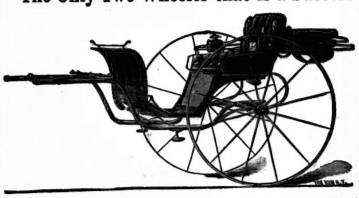
CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

Look for Progressive Euchre Presents AT BROWN'S, 110 YONGE STREET

Oxydized Card Cases, Match Safes, Car Ticket Boxes, Bon Bon Boxes, Shopping Tablets

Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

Your Picture Free

I will give absolutely free with every dozen of our cabinets a large size Crayon Picture of yourself.

Don't miss this opportunity.

LYON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

Cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Society circles were in a flutter Thursday afternoon of last week over the marriage of Miss Tillie E. Robinson, only daughter of Mr. W. W. Robinson of D. Moore & Co., and Mr. E. Y. Eaton of the firm of T. Eaton & Co., dry goods merchants, Toronto. Long ere the guests arrived the Centenary church was crowded with spectators who were anxious to see one of the prettiest brides Hamilton ever reared. At 3.30 the guests arrived, looking very gala in their beautiful spring costumes. The ushers were Mr. E. J. Sanford, Dr. S. Cummings, Mr. W. Sanford Evans and Mr. George Robinson. Mr. Frank Fearman was director of ceremonies. The bride was a picture of grace and beauty in her gown of white faille, with silver brocade and silver trimmings. She wore a beautiful diamond pendant, the gift of the groom, and white veil with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white lilies of the valley and Chinese lilies. The bridesmaids were charming in the pretty gowns of white and gold made in empress style, with hats and bouquets of natural violets. They were Miss Alice Dunn of Syracuse, N.Y., Miss Edith Robinson, cousin of the bride, Miss Aleda Burns and Miss Florence Somerville. The groom was supported at the altar by Dr. Robinson of Toronto, brother of the bride. As the procession came up the aisle Prof. Parker played the wedding march from Lohengrin in exquisite style. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Dewart of Toronto assisted by Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., pastor of the church. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and lilies. Miss Robinson was a graduate with high honors from the ladies' college. After a sumptuous repast at the bride's home Mr. and Mrs. Eaton took a train for the east. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. Eaton, Miss Eaton and the Misses Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Burden, Mr. and Mrs. W. Robinson of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. Howard Chandler, Dr. and Mrs. Dewart, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Dewart, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Alley of Toronto, Hon. W. E. and Mrs. Sanford, Mr. Jackson Sanford, Mrs. Hugill, Dr. and Mrs. Burns, Miss Burns, Mr. Charles Burns, Dr. and Mrs. George Husband, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. Fearman, Mr. F. D. Fearman, Dr. and Mrs. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Green, Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Miss Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. George Black, Miss Black, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Watkins, Mrs. D. Ross, Miss Moore, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lazier, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gave, Miss Leland, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Livingstone, Mr. Stuart Livingstone.

Mrs. Duff of Parkhill is the guest of Mrs. James Osborne of Herkimer street.

Miss Sanford of Tennessee is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. E. Sanford of Jackson street.

Mrs. Ricketts gave a charming tea last Tuesday afternoon. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stinson, Dr. and Mrs. Woolverton, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. R. B. Skinner, Miss Harvey, Mr. Ganaby, Miss Hobson, Miss Dunlop, Miss Tina Hendrie, Miss Spratt, Miss Walker, Mrs. R. S. Morris, Mr. Hope, Miss Sinclair, Mr. Carr, Mr. Bond, Mr. Ferrie, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. W. T. Ramsay.

Miss Rykert of St. Catharines is the guest of Mrs. Turner of Highfield.

Mrs. Gibson gave a small progressive euchre on Wednesday evening. Miss Hendrie, Miss Wood, Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Dunlop, Miss Hobson, Miss M. Hobson, Messrs. Ferrie, Hope, Logie, Beemer and Hobson were among those present.

Miss Cummings gave a small dance on Saturday evening in honor of Miss Norah Cleech the violinist who is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. Warren Burton gave a dinner on Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Bain of London, Eng.

Mrs. R. B. Skinner will be At Home on Wednesday from 4:30 till 6:30.

The tennis court at the cricket grounds is to be a favorite rendezvous this coming summer and the gentlemen interested are endeavoring to make everything as jolly as possible. Some interesting sets will be arranged ere long.

Miss Stevenson of London is the guest of Miss Carroll Hannah street.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan gave a dinner on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Stinson gave a dinner also on Saturday evening.

Miss Bailey of London, Eng., is the guest of Mrs. Ricketts of Herkimer street.

Messrs. Hay, Michie and Spratt of Toronto spent Saturday and Sunday last with friends in town. SYLVIA.

Forewarned.

"Twas just before their wedding day,
They drove about the country lanes,
And starting on the homeward way
She held her hands out for the reins.

He gave them up without a word
In answer to her whisper low,
And wondered if he rightly heard,
"It's time I learned to drive, you know."

—*Puck.*

A Snare and a Delusion.

The Woman About Town of the New York *Sun* narrates her experience of the nickel dime box which is at present everywhere to be seen: "The Woman wishes to warn everybody against those little nickel tubes called dime boxes, that are to be found at every street corner these days, and which are designed to aid one's halting and unsteady economy by stowing his dimes away in its patent insides. These boxes are adjuntants of the Adversary himself. For a great many years The Woman has lived on the most unfriendly terms with her dimes. They have never manifested the least desire to abide with her, no matter how deftly she coaxed them. And so, when she saw the first one of these little tubes, The Woman believed that at last she had hit upon the one aid she had always sought in putting into practice her theories of economy, which were very beautiful and such as any woman might be proud to own. She bought one. With fine irony, it cost just a dime. It had a wide slit at the top of the tube, like a mouth, into which the dimes were to be put. The Woman fatuously slipped two dimes in to test its working. They disappeared like magic, and the hungry mouth still gaped for more. The Woman was enchanted and began to build visions of vast fortunes accumulated by slipping her hitherto hard-saved dimes into small nickel-plated tubes with wide mouths and capable of holding each fifty dimes. That day The Woman accumulated five dimes, all of which were gleefully deposited in the box, and as was not unnatural, perhaps, on the first day, she thought a great deal about the operation and watched all her money transactions with interest to see how many dimes she could get back in change. But the next day she found herself fired with a still more unholy desire to accumulate dimes to put into her box. She walked ten blocks on one occasion to save getting a 10-cent piece changed for nickels on the horse car. She kept getting all her bills changed with the infatuation of seeing how many dimes she could get back. She refused a poor thin-necked child's pitiful appeal to buy a bunch of roses of her, simply because it would cost a dime. She stopped giving her waiter a dime at luncheon, and his attentions and her luncheons grew cold together. At last she found herself one day shoving back a fifty cent piece that came to her in change and asking the man if he couldn't give her five dimes instead. Then she thought it was time to call a halt and talk the matter over with Herself. She made accusation that Herself had become a mere mechanical appendage to that dime box, and that Herself no longer regarded life except as a means to secure dimes to thrust into that leering Herself pleaded guilty, but urged great provocation in extenuation. But there is no dallying with the unholy passion of saving. The Woman determined to break it off, though it cost her her future fortune. She began to experiment with the nickle-plated tube in order to break the habit and the bank at once. Alas, the slipping in of her treasure had been a supreme joy. The getting of it out was another matter. There it is. She has juggled with the box in every possible way she knows. The mouth grins at her in derision. She can't get a blessed dime out of the maw of the insatiable monster. For all its present availability The Woman might as well have laid up her treasure in Heaven. And it serves her right."

Couldn't Be Humbugged.

First Boy—"What you readin'?"

Second Boy—I ain't readin'; I'm only pretending to. It's a book mamma gave me an' said I must read. It's about a boy what run away with a circus.

"I should think that wd be nice."

"It ain't. It's all made up. It ain't true at all. He had all sorts of hard times, an' was beaten an' starved an' everything. That shows it was just written to keep boys from runnin' away with circuses."

"That's so. W'en does th' nex' circus come to town?"

Better Late Than Never.

Tommy's mamma (as Tommy suddenly bursts out crying)—What is the matter?

Tommy—I hurt myself this afternoon.

Tommy's mamma—Why didn't you cry then instead of now?

Tommy—'Cause I was busy. I was playin' with Freddy then.

Wholesale Dry Goods at Retail.

Mr. N. Rooney, wholesale dry goods merchant, having decided to retire from business, is now offering his stock for sale by retail. Ten thousand pairs of Belgium and Swiss lace curtains of really handsome patterns will, beginning Monday next, be retailed at less than usual wholesale prices.

DENTISTRY.

DR. H. D. BOYES
DENTIST, ETC.
Room 26 Yonge Street Market, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
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325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

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DENTIST
346 Yonge St.; entrance, No. 1 Elm St. Tel. No. 2064.

Pike's Piano Polish
OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of
P. P. P.
Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent polish which does not smear or finger-mark.
A Trial is Sufficient to Establish Its Merits
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET

LADIES, JUST A WORD:
DO YOU KNOW
That "Sunlight" Soap does more work than any other, and therefore it must be cheaper?
That the labors of the kitchen and wash day can be made easier by using "Sunlight" Soap?
That you need not boil the clothes by using "Sunlight" Soap, nor use the washing powders, and yet they will be white as snow?
That "Sunlight" Soap is so pure that it cannot possibly injure the most delicate skin or fabric?
These are solemn facts, which you can prove by testing.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

McGRORY—On May 10, Mrs. John McGrory—a son.
PRESTON—At Toronto, on May 6, Mrs. D. M. Preston—a son.
WALKER—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. B. E. Walker—a son.
SHAW—On May 4, Mrs. W. Shaw—a son.
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on May 8, Mrs. W. S. Thompson—a son.
STOWE—At Toronto, on May 4, Mrs. Frank J. Stowe—a daughter.
WALLIS—At San Francisco, Cal., on April 23, Mrs. John M. Wallis—a son.
JOHNSTON—At Toronto, on May 5, Mrs. David J. Johnston—a daughter.
PHILLIPS—At Toronto, on April 30, Mrs. A. M. Phillips—a son.
PERRIN—At Pickering, on May 9, Mrs. L. Perrin—a daughter.
BANFIELD—At Toronto, on April 28, Mrs. J. A. Banfield—a son.
BAINES—At Toronto, on May 9, Mrs. Allen Baines—a son.
CLARK—At Toronto, on May 9, Mrs. J. M. Clark—a son.
SCOTT—At Hamilton, on May 9, Mrs. C. S. Scott—a daughter.
RUTHERFORD—At Toronto, on May 9, Mrs. R. Percival Rutherford—a daughter.
MACDONELL—At Regina, on May 9, Mrs. Archibald C. Macdonell—a daughter.
PROCTOR—At Toronto, on May 10, Mrs. George Proctor—a daughter.

Marriages.

ARGLES—BUCHANAN—At Louisville, Kentucky, on May 12, William Henry Argles to Emilie Mary Buchanan.
HOWLAND—PUSEY—At Irondale, on May 12, L. B. Howland to A. V. Pusey.
RAMSAY—GOODERHAM—At Toronto, on May 7, Robert H. Ramsay to Mabel May Gooderham.
SMALL—DENHOLM—At Toronto, H. Atwell Small to Catherine B. Denholm.
EATON—ROBINSON—At Hamilton, on May 7, Edward Y. Eaton to Tillie E. Robinson.
BOOTH—MULKINS—At Toronto, on May 6, William Redwood Booth to Grace Stuart Mulkins.
ROBSON—SCOUGALE—At Colborne, on May 7, W. V. Robson of Duluth, Minn., to Bella Scougale.
BATES—THOMAS—At Toronto, on June 2, Albert Evans Bates to Susannah Rebekah Thomas.
TAYLOR—HANHAM—At Toronto, on May 6, John Taylor to Millicent Elmina Hanham.
BUCKLAND—BURDETT—At San Francisco, on April 29, Owen Buckland to Emma Burdett.

Deaths.

SCHLENTER—At Weston, on May 7, E. F. Schlenter, aged 77 years.
WELLS—At Maitland, Ont., on May 6, Isaac Brock Wells, aged 80 years.
SCOTT—At Toronto, on May 7, Allen Gibson Scott, aged 18 months.
HANNAFORD—At Toronto, on May 7, Michael Hannaford aged 58 years.
BUSTEED—At Toronto, on May 5, Mary Busteed.
RANKIN—At Toronto, on May 5, Mrs. Eliza Rankin, aged 32 years.
FARQUHAR—At West Toronto Junction, on May 8, Robert Farquhar.
HILL—At Toronto, on May 7, Mabel Hill, aged 14 years.
CROSBY—At Bowmanville, on May 11, H. H. Crosby, aged 57 years.
CHICK—At Toronto, on May 12, Edna Constance Chick, aged 3 weeks.
HERBERT—At Toronto, on May 12, John Herbert, aged 60 years.
JUBB—On May 11, Thos. Jubb, aged 60 years.
WIGHTMAN—At Toronto, on May 11, Mrs. Sarah Webb Wightman, aged 47 years.
FISHER—On May 7, Mrs. Venia Fisher, aged 32 years.
BATES—At Toronto, Mrs. Isabella Bates, aged 66 years.
BELL—At Toronto, on May 10, Mrs. Jane Eliza Bell, aged 59 years.
FROST—At Toronto, on May 11, Edmund Robert Frost.
McARDLE—At Toronto, on May 10, Ann McArdle.
RYAN—At Toronto, on May 10, Patrick Ryan, aged 64 years.
McFARLAND—At Toronto, William Frances McFarland, aged 2 years.
FRASER—At Barrie, on May 12, Henry Fraser, aged 87 years.

TRY
SIMCOE
CANNING CO.'S
PUMPKIN
(GRATED)
MAKES DELICIOUS
PUMPKIN PIES

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 588½ Yonge Street, 373 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works
Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2696.
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGH BROS., Props.

GAS ELECTRIC
& COMBINATION
FIXTURES
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

DIAMONDS.
GE TROREY
91 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

OUR MAY BARGAINS
CONTINUE THE ENTIRE MONTH
Spring Mantles, Velvets, Wraps,
AND LACE GARMENTS
Are offered at prices unequalled by any other house in the Dominion. A similar great reduction is made in our
DRESS GOODS AND SILKS
Ladies are invited to examine these goods while the choice of selection remains. Our exceptionally low prices are readily clearing them out.

An Extraordinary Good Purchase Enables us to Offer

200 PIECES OF RIBBONS, No 16
In the nearest shades to be sold at 9 cents a yard, fully worth 20 cents.

100 DOZ. 4-BUTTON KID GLOVES.
In Tans, Browns, Greys and Blacks, to be sold at 50 cents a pair. They would be cheap at $1.

100 Doz. Ladies' Cotton Hose.—Full furnished, fast colors, in black, seal and navy, to be sold at 20 cents a pair, or three pairs for 50 cents. Well worth twice that price.

OUR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT
Would well repay a visit this month. This department has been under the able supervision of Miss Fleming for more than five years, during which time it has won the highest praise from the most fashionable dressers.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

REMOVAL

We beg to announce to our patrons and the public generally that, owing to our warerooms at 117 King Street West being destroyed by fire, we have opened out new warerooms at
89 KING STREET WEST
where we shall be pleased to meet our friends.

We have stocked those large and commodious premises with an entirely new stock of Pianos of the latest and most elegant designs from our factory, West Toronto Junction, and respectfully solicit intending purchasers and others to call and examine them. We are prepared to offer

Special Bargains for the Next 30 Days

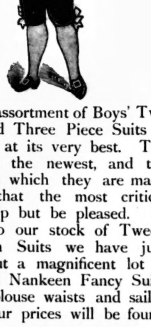
Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of same in the future, we remain,
Respectfully,
HEINTZMAN & CO.
89 KING STREET WEST.

P. S.—Those Pianos are entirely new, our stock at 117 King Street West being completely destroyed by the fire.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

OAK HALL



OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL
115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

THE OWEN
ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. A. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM
is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN
The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Diseases of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS READ AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
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71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.